

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

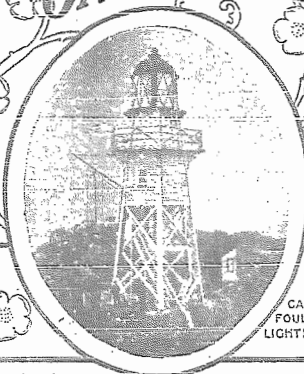
WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

22nd Year. No. 40.

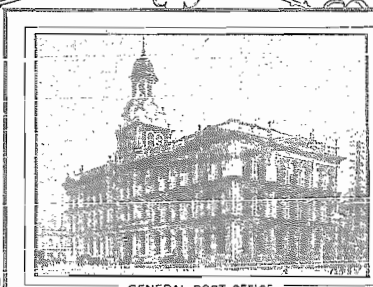
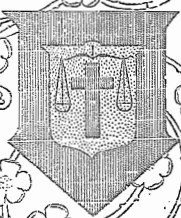
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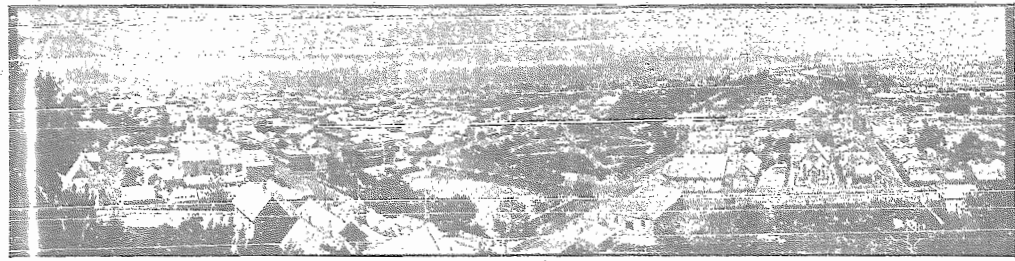
ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF NEW ZEALAND



CAPE FOULWIND LIGHTHOUSE



GENERAL POST OFFICE WELLINGTON



PANORAMA OF NAPIER, THE BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED AND PROSPEROUS CHIEF CITY OF HAWKE'S BAY



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A MAORI WARRIOR WITH HAKA.

A Russian Artillery Captain Won for Christ.

Some years ago (says Major Merriweather) I was in charge of the meetings at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

One night there was a fine-looking man, clad in an immaculate white-duck suit, who seemed to drink in every word that was said. In the prayer meeting I discovered that he was a captain of the Russian Artillery stationed at Vladivostok, but was on a month's furlough, which he was spending in the Paradise of the Pacific, where cold and frost and snow are unknown. I do not think that he missed a single meeting after that during the whole month he was in Honolulu.

Words cannot express my joy when, walking the decks of the

huge Japanese liner, the "Nippon Maru," in company with the Russian captain on the night that he was to sail to rejoin his regiment at Vladivostok, he stopped suddenly in his walk, clasped my hand, and looking into my face, his eyes filling with tears, said with deep emotion, "You sing in your meetings, 'From my weary heart the burden rolled away.' I am glad to state that the heart-burden which I brought with me to the Islands is gone, and now Jesus is my personal Saviour. In Russia I know of no military officer or private soldier that does not drink, and I never met a temperance man until I met you Salvationists here in Honolulu. Since the first night I heard you speak I have not tasted anything intoxicating, not even wine, and I am going back to my regiment to preach temperance and salvation to my men and my fellow-officers."

The last I saw of the captain was a few minutes later, when the great ocean liner was pushing her way down the channel towards the mighty Pacific Ocean. He waved his handkerchief, and pointed significantly with his finger toward the sky. I do not know if he is still alive, but I am sure that he can be safely counted among the number who have become soldiers of the cross.

The Speech of the Lost Soul.

At last I am in hell. In spite of all my resolutions not to come, I am here to suffer the just demands of a broken law. O God, can it be that I, who was taught the way of truth, virtue, and heaven, should choose sin, death, and eternal damnation? Death and judgment are past. The time of repentance has slipped away. Mercy's door is for ever shut. I would not hear the warning voice of God, though it thundered in my ear night and day, from my cradle to my grave. I hardened my heart and said: "I will not

yield." At last death came; I tried to repent, but my heart would not melt, and my eyes refused to shed a tear. I passed into eternity a damned soul. The worm that never dies has coiled its strong folds round my naked heart, and in it fastened its venomous fangs. Merciful God, pity me! But the white-winged angel has for ever flown. Fiends, with their bony hands are grasping for my defenceless soul. It is useless for me to resist. Is there none to deliver?—none, great God! None, I turned my back on Thee; now Thou dost refuse to hear my cry of anguish. The flames of damnation are wrapping my soul in shrouds of eternal misery. Oh, that I had a drop of water to quench this raging thirst that destroys me; but there is no water here. Devils laugh at my agony and loudly shout: "Enjoy the wages of sin for ever!" The darkness is intense; broken only by

A LEGEND OF SERVICE.

By Henry van Dyke.

It pleased the Lord of angels (praise His name!) To hear, one day, report from those who came With plying sorrow or exultant joy, To tell of earthly tasks in His employ; For some were sorry when they saw how slow The stream of heavenly love on earth now flow; And some were glad because their eyes had seen, Along the banks, fresh flowers and living green.

So, at a certain hour, before the throne, The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone, Nor glad, nor sad, but full of earnest thought, And thus his tidings to the Master brought: "Lord, in the City Lupin I have found Three servants of Thy holy name, renowned Above their fellows. One is very wise, With thoughts that ever range above the skies; And one is gifted with the golden speech, And makes men glad to hear when he will teach; And one, with no rare gifts or grace endued, Has won the people's love by doing good. With three such saints Lupin is truly blest; But, Lord, I fain would know which loved Thee best?"

Then spoke the Lord of Angels, to whose look The hearts of all are like an open book: "In every soul the secret thought I read, And well I know who loves me best indeed. But every life has pages vacant still, Whereon a man may write the thing he will! Therefore I read in silence, day by day, And wait for hearts untought to learn My way. But thou shalt go to Lupin, to the three Who serve Me there, and take this word from Me:

Tell each of them his Master bids him go Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow; There he shall find a certain task for Me; But what, I do not tell to them nor thee. Give them the message, make My word the test, And crown for Me the one who answers best."

Silent the angel stood, with folded hands, To take the imprint of his Lord's commands; Then drew one breath, obedient and elate, And passed, the self-same hour through Lupin's gates.

First to the Temple door he made his way, And there, because it was an holy-day, He saw the folks by thousands thronging, stirred By ardent thirst to hear the preacher's word. Then, while the echoes murmured Bernol's name, Through aisles that brushed behind him, Bernol came;

Strung to the keenest pitch of conscious might, With lips prepared and firm, and eyes aloft, One moment at the pulpit steps he knelt. In silent prayer, and on his shoulder felt The angel's hand:—"The Master bids thee go

Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow, To serve Him there." Then Bernol's hidden face Went white as death, and for about the space Of ten slow heart-beats there was no reply; Till Bernol looked around and whispered "Why?" But answer to his question came there none; The Angel glanced, and with a sign was gone.

Within the humble house where Malvin spent His studious years, on holy things intent, Sweet stillness reigned; and there the Angel found

The saintly sage immersed in thought profound, Weaving with patient toil and willing care A web of wisdom, wonderful and fair; A seamless robe for Truth's great bridal meet, And needing but one thread to be complete. Then Asmiel touched his hand, and broke the thread

Of fine-spun thought, and very gently said, "The One of Whom thou thinkest bids thee go Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow, To serve Him there." With sorrow and surprise Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes. The broken thought, the strangeness of the call, The perilous passage of the mountain-wall, The solitary journey and the length Of days unknown, too great for his frail strength, Appalled him. With a thoughtful brow He scanned the doubtful task, and muttered "How?"

And Asmiel answered, as he turned to go, With cold, disheartened voice, "I do not know."

Now as he went, with fading hope, to seek The third and last to whom God bade him speak Scarce twenty steps away whom should he meet But Fernor, hurrying cheerful down the street; With ready heart that faced his work like play, And joyed to find it greater every day. The Angel stopped him with uplifted hand, And gave, without delay, his Lord's command: "He Whom thou servest here would have thee go Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow, To serve Him there." The Asmiel breathed again. The eager answer leaped to meet him, "When?"

The Angel's face with inward joy grew bright, And all his figure glowed with heavenly light; He took the golden circlet from his brow And gave the crown, to Fernor's answering, "Now."

For thou hast met the Master's hidden test, And I have found the man who loves Him best. Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply When He commands us, asking 'how?' or 'why?' He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just;

Who serves the King must serve with perfect trust."

lurid flashes of divine wrath, that are thrown like thunderbolts from the hands of a just God! I grope in the darkness to find Him, but plunge over the precipice of despair on the rocks beneath. Bruised and mangled, I rise and stagger on in search of a friend, but none is found, all are my enemies. I scream for help, but the only answer is the echo of my own sad cry and the yells of delight from the throats of demons. Alone! yet multitudes are here. They gnash on me with their teeth; they trample me under their feet. I struggle to rise, and they dash me into the lake of everlasting fire. Alone! yes, alone! Without God; without hope; without heaven. Oh, that I had a moment in which to repent, but it will never be given. I have sealed my own doom. God's mercy was extended; I refused till too late.—J. M. B. Pellatt.

Honor Conferred on Bunyan.

At the christening of her grandson, Albert Victor, Queen Victoria made him a present. In consisted of a beautiful statuette, wrought in silver, of the Prince Consort, truly named "Albert the Good."

The Prince is represented as Pilgrim, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," wearing the armor of God. His helmet, "the hope of salvation," rests against the stump of a tree, and not far off is the "shield of faith." John Bunyan supplied the model which our late Queen held up before her grandson as worthy of imitation. And so the allegory of the Bedford tinker found its way into the palace, and Queen Victoria delighted to honor the man who was sent to prison by King Charles II.—M. F. E.

Anxiety for Souls.

I heard of one brought to Christ who was a very great sinner—of so stiff a neck that he never would be approached by anyone who aimed at his conversion. He hated the very mention of religion. But one of his neighbors felt forced to go to him very early one morning and say to him:

"I beg your pardon for intruding so early, but I lay awake all last night thinking about you, and I cannot rest till I tell you something."

He answered: "What were you thinking about me for? I don't want any of your thoughts."

"Oh," said the other, "I felt so sorry, to think if you were to die, you would die without a hope."

The bearish man replied: "Mind your own business."

"But," said the other, "that is my business. I think my heart will break unless I see you saved."

All the answer was: "Go away with you; don't come here with any of your cant."

The brother went home weeping, but he was not the only one who felt his heart breaking. The bearish one went away from his forge and said to his wife:

"I can always answer these religious fellows. I do not care for your parsons a bit, but that neighbor of ours has been in here and says it will break his heart unless I am converted; and that beats me."

He was beaten. Out of a sort of kindly pity for his neighbor's weak-mindedness, with a mixture of acknowledged feeling on his own account, he went to hear the preaching of the Word, and was brought to Jesus. Charles H. Spurgeon.

You can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. We have such a small set of words, which, though we are scarcely aware of it, we always work with, and which really express all that we mean by life or have found out of it.—Henry Drummond.

THE CITY OF Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

The flourishing city of Wetaskiwin is situated on the plateau in which rises the headwaters of the Battle River, one of the principal tributaries of the North Saskatchewan. This section of country has an elevation above sea level of from two to four thousand feet. The Rocky Mountains are two hundred miles to the west. The city is located upon the Calgary and Edmonton branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is forty miles south of the latter place, which is the terminus of the line.



Ensign Charlton,
the Pioneer Officer.

Its Development.

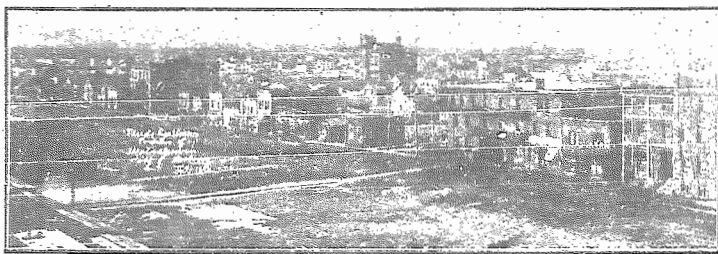
Development has kept pace with immigration. One after another, new industries and places of business have been established, and the watchword is "Progress."

Short as its career has been, it is already well equipped with the comforts and conveniences of modern life. The religious and educational needs are fully supplied by seven fine churches and a large brick school; and, last, but not least, a live Salvation Army corps. An up-to-date electrical plant lights the streets. There is also an adequate fire equipment and an unfailing supply of water.

The town can also boast of telegraph and telephone accommodation, and several miles of well graded streets and sidewalks. There are three chartered banks and two weekly newspapers. There are five grain elevators and a flour mill with a capacity of 65 barrels per day. There are also a sufficient number of warehouses to store the year's crop, which amounted last year to over 400,000 bushels, of which only about one-tenth was wheat. This is all converted into flour at the local mill.

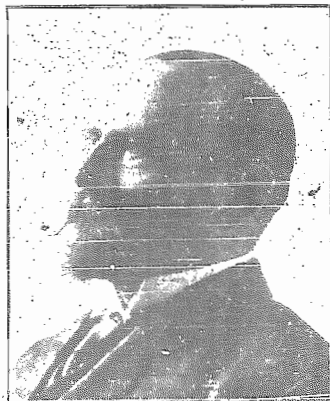
Some of Nature's Gifts.

Wetaskiwin is fortunate in being surrounded by a fine farming district, from which it will be provided with ever-increasing business. At no spot on the continent is to be found a richer and more productive soil. It is a heavy black vegetable mould, ranging in depth from six inches to three feet. Underneath this top layer of black soil is a heavy



Wetaskiwin.—The x indicates the Public School.

brown clay, running to a depth in some places of fifty feet. Such a soil can withstand an ordinary dry season, as the heavy clay bed constantly supplies the moisture. On this account a complete crop failure is unknown there. The district is well supplied with wood—the prairie here and there being dotted with poplar groves. In places the wood is quite thick, and such are reserved as timber limits for the use of settlers. As yet there are only a few saw mills, but there is a splendid opening for building more mills for the manufacture of native lumber.



A. Rosenroll, M.P.P.—A Friend of the Army.

Northern Alberta is also underlaid with immense beds of coal. This is classed as lignite, and makes very good fuel, being used almost entirely by the residents.

Opportunities.

The rapidly increasing population of the town and district, and a corresponding development of the many and varied natural resources which abound on every side, make Wetaskiwin rich in business opportunities. Sheep thrive well and there is an unlimited demand for woollen goods by the fur trade of the north. A woollen mill should prove a good investment, especially as water-power is right at hand. Great quantities of wood, suitable for pulp, are within easy reach, and the increasing demand for paper throughout the West would seem to indicate that a pulp and paper mill is an immediate necessity. Sugar beets have been grown with satisfactory results in the district. There is no need

sugar factory in the locality, and Wetaskiwin, surrounded as it is with an abundance of fertile soil, and having good railway connections, would prove a fine site for such an industry. As the town is destined to become an important railway centre, it will, no doubt, become a distributing centre for a wide area, and wholesale houses will spring up. The rapid growth of the town makes a strong demand for builders.

Climate.

Winter is a season of bright, cloudless days, infrequent and scanty snowfalls and frequent and prolonged breaks of warm weather, heralded by the chinook wind. Wagons are used during the entire year, and it is only an occasional season that sleighs are necessary for brief periods. The winter generally breaks up in the early part of March with a grand blowing of warm wind from the west, followed by a period of from one to three weeks of warm, bright weather, the beginning of spring. The modifying element of the climate, as a whole, is the chinook wind—so-called because it blows from the region formerly inhabited by the Chinook Indians, on the banks of the Lower Columbia River.

The Army's Operations.

It was on the 16th of August, 1905, that the Army began its work in this city.

Ensign Charlton, assisted by Lieuts. Harris and Jones, were the officers selected for the opening, and at the outset many inconveniences were experienced. The only place in which they could hold a meeting was a small school house, but this soon proved unable to accommodate the crowds who came. A lot was, therefore, purchased, and the building on it remodelled into a barracks capable of seating two hundred people. The overhead portion made a very suitable officers' quarters. The cost of the whole was \$350, which was liberally subscribed by the people of Wetaskiwin. The quarters are nicely furnished, and a comfortable home is assured for the officers stationed there from time to time.

For a while the officers stood alone. Sometimes the drum would be carried by some untrained person to the open-air stand, but often the brave girls carried it between themselves. They were not the kind to give in over a little hardness. Victory came; after a time souls sought the pardon of God in their meetings, and began to take their stand. To-day there are twenty-one enrolled soldiers, four recruits, and four Candidates for the work, while others have removed elsewhere.

The attendance at the meetings is good, and the financial standing excellent, which goes to show that the Army is appreciated in the city.

Farewell orders have come to the pioneers, and we wish them God-speed as they go to their new appointments, and welcome in our midst Capts. Halkirk and Rankin, who will carry on the noble work so well begun.



Mr. James, Manager of New
Merchants' Bank.



Mr. R. C. Irvine, Principal of
the Public School.



Elevators at Wetaskiwin.

To-Day! To-Day! To-Day!

A CALL TO CANDIDATES.

By Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

"In the conflict MEN are wanted,
MEN of hope and faith and prayer."

THE trumpet call has sounded! Men—workers, fighters—are wanted, not to engage in an earthly carnage or some political enterprise, but for the great business of lifting high the flag of Calvary and rushing into the field against sin and Satan. Men are wanted! The need for consecrated, whole-hearted, Holy Ghost inspired men was never so great as it is to-day! To-day! TO-DAY! Men whose hearts God has touched. Men whose eyes have been opened to behold earth's great sorrow. Does not the sacrifice of gory Golgotha plead with YOU? Will YOU leave untold the story of Calvary—that story which has brought hope to the despairing, light to those in darkness, salvation to the sinner, and has landed upon the eternal shores millions of blood-washed, who sing the praises of God and the Lamb in His presence for evermore. If God considered the salvation of the race of such signal importance as to offer His own Son upon the altar of sacrifice, does He consider as unimportant the business of proclaiming to dying humanity the message of truth? Are the teeming multitudes to be allowed to hurl themselves into hell in their mad plunge for worldly joy, without your voice being raised to warn them, or your hands outstretched to stop them?

God demands your service. You owe it to Him or what He has done for you. Can you, in view of your own personal experience of the love of Christ, treat with indifference a matter of such vital consequence? Surely your soul is stirred to its depths, when you ponder over the attitude of the pleasure-seeking worldlings towards your God, your Father, and your Friend.

There are two sides to this question to be considered. There is the honor and glory of God. Are you not jealous for this? Can you permit your best Friend to be ignored, even insulted, and crucified over again without a word of protest? Nay, nay! Secondly: Can you think of the miseries resulting from sin in this life, and the awful, horrible, blood-chilling consequences of all wrong-doing in the next, without wanting to stem the tide of evil? How many men shout themselves hoarse for some political propaganda, or on behalf of some Parliamentary Candidate whose cause they have espoused! Ponder how men risk their lives in the fiery flood of some mighty conflagration when others are in danger. We would not consider any censure too severe for the man who left those in peril to die unhelped. Amidst the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, with hail of lead and shell pouring down on the field of battle, men have braved death in order to carry some stricken, wounded comrade to a place of shelter and safety.

The Patriotic Call.

When the call came for Canadian soldiers to join the fighting lines in South Africa, the

number who volunteered far exceeded that required. Patriotic sentiment may have animated some to enlist, others might have for the mere love of military display volunteered their services, but did not every preparatory evolution and drill but remind them of the grim reality of war, and the possibility of never again returning to their native land? Shall we be less eager to offer our services, to consecrate our lives, employ our energies, or use our time than these men were, who in the hour of need rallied to the British standard? Never!

Before God, upon your knees, consecrate your life now to Him. He deserves the best you have and are. Do not make excuses, let nothing obstruct your way. Permit no selfish consideration to weigh with you. Excuses

doth He not know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works."—Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.

Personal and Otherwise.

The Chief of the Staff loses no opportunity for showing his deepening interest in the young people's work of the Army. The latest evidence of this is his proposal to meet in council all those who are engaged in that important branch of our operations. The councils will take place at Clapton on July 14th and 15th, and Mrs. Booth will, it is hoped, be able to attend some of them.

The Territorial Young People's Secretary of Australia, Lieut.-Colonel Horskins, is taking a trip to England, where he intends making special study of the many successful methods employed by the Army in dealing with British young people.

The General raised Lieut.-Colonel Brengle to the rank of Colonel prior to his return from Scandinavia to America.

Colonel Brengle made a speciality of work amongst the children in each of the corps he visited, devoting Saturday afternoons to them. He was much cheered by the scores of little ones who earnestly sought salvation throughout his campaign, and pressed upon field officers and others the urgency for effective effort on their behalf.

Major John Milsaps, who started via England for special work in India, was pronounced medically unfit for the strain of that climate, and has, therefore, returned to the U. S. A. battlefield.

Lieut.-Colonel Rowe, of National Headquarters, London, is succeeding Lieut.-Colonel Minnie Reid in the Provincial command of Ireland.

A series of Scandinavian Congresses take place in the summer months. The General's engagements, including a forthcoming motor tour in Great Britain, render it impossible for him to attend these in person. He has, however, deputed prominent officers to represent him at these important gatherings. Accordingly Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg have proceeded to Stockholm, amongst the Swedes; Commissioner Higgins to Copenhagen, for the Danish people; Commissioner Nicol and Colonel Whatmore to Christiania, Norway, and Commissioner Rees, of Sweden, will attend the Finnish Congress at Helsingfors. Extensive preparations are going forward in each country.

A large store in Panama advertised one day's special sale, on which ten per cent. of their income was to be given to the Salvation Army, to further its beneficent work. This is certainly one of the most commendable recognitions of the Army's usefulness that has come to light, and we should like to hear of similar enterprise in cities like Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, etc.

The new opening at Haileybury, from which Cobalt will be worked for the present, was full of promise for future service. Brigadier Collier left no stone unturned to advance in this direction, and he is to be congratulated upon the initial victories won, which will no doubt open the way to others.

Lisgar St. has planned a moonlight excursion to Hamilton, on the "Turbina" for July 18th, as a means to the end of raising funds for a new set of instruments. A grand musical festival on board, at the price of a quarter, including fare there and back, is certainly attractive.

Men and Women Wanted!

To Rescue Souls from Sin and Death.

To Co-Operate with the Holy Spirit for their Salvation.

Candidates for Eternal Glory and Partnership with Jesus Christ.

A SOUL-WINNER'S LIFE IS HEAVEN'S IDEAL.

APPLY ON CONVICTION TO

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO.

The Rewards are Imperishable!

will not remove the responsibility for obeying God's call, nor will excuses save the souls of those to whom you are called to minister. Let no thought of ease, self or any worldly advancement enter into your calculations at all. Of what value are the passing pleasures of time, compared with the eternal treasures which are laid up by all those who follow Christ and do His will. If self-interest is served, where is the profit? There is none. Time's trinkets are deceiving. They are valueless in the light of eternity, while every soul won to the feet of the Master is a jewel in the crown of the worker.

The day of opportunity is come. The responsibility rests with you. God calls. Obey His voice and write your Provincial Officer, offering yourself as a Candidate for the work of the Army this very day.

If tempted to hesitate or delay your consecration to this service, meditate prayerfully upon the words of the wise man who said:

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest: Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul,

THE GENERAL AT LUTON.

A Blessed Week-End Amongst the Straw-Plaiters.

"Whoever else may have time to waste, I have not a second. I must redeem every moment!"

These were practically the first words uttered by the General on Saturday night, and they strikingly illustrate that indelible earnestness and tireless energy which, far from diminishing as our beloved leader advances in years, undoubtedly become more intense.

Even those who know the General best are astonished as they behold this continual and marvelously-sustained labor for souls. We had thought it humanly impossible to intersperse the laborious series of Field Officers' Councils with any week-end campaigns.

Eighty Bandsmen.

It was the General's own emphatic resolve not to lose the opportunity that caused the arrangements for Luton to be hurriedly completed, and the results have certainly justified the herculean labors which the effort involved. The hat-making town, with its forty thousand inhabitants, has been mightily moved and impressed, while the ingathering of souls surpassed expectations.

There was a splendid congregation on Saturday night, between nine and ten hundred, a good sprinkling of uniform, and a fine brigade of musicians. In this connection, it is interesting to know that there are nearly eighty bandsmen at the two corps. Many of these fine fellows are the fruit of our junior work, and amongst the soldiers are some whose lives bear eloquent testimony to the marvelous operations of that divine power which alone can lift humanity out of its sorrows. The Salvation Army has done much for Luton since it was opened, twenty-three years ago!

The ungodly were irresistibly arrested by the sharp and burning words of divine wisdom that flowed forth in a clear, swift stream from the General's mind and heart. Among the thirty captures on Saturday night were some of the individual problems of the corps.

A touching incident of that meeting was observed when a local officer led his wife to the penitent form. She had previously tried all she could to turn him aside from serving God in the Army, but her face was now bathed in tears of repentance.

In the afternoon a magnificent audience crowded the Grand Theatre, which Mr. Edward Graham-Falcon, the lessee and manager, had generously placed at the Army's disposal free of cost. Owing to recent severe illness,

His Worship the Mayor was unable to preside, the chair being taken, in his unavoidable absence, by Alderman G. Warren, J.P., who was supported by a large company of Councillors, the Chief Constable, and leading townsmen.

The scene at night was striking in the extreme. The large theatre was absolutely packed, from the backmost seat on the stage to the farthest strip of standing room perched away up in the angle between roof and top-most gallery, and furthermore, the street was blocked with others who wanted to gain access.

"So many people," says the General in his opening sentences, "have no heart for a complete, out-and-out religion. The promises with which the Bible is full are very charming, and they seek to appropriate them, but the duties of religion are too arduous, and to this aspect of God's will as revealed to them in the Scripture, they persistently shut their eyes and ears."

"The very goodness of God," he says in another striking passage. "His courteous supply of food and raiment and home and friends, instead of inducing most people to devote their lives to His service, only makes them content in their lives of selfishness and ease."

Enlivened with epigram, illustration, and quotation, the message of salvation is delivered with a wonderful lucidity that opens the dullest mind to a realization of its significance.

One wonders how the ungodly and the lukewarm professor can sit on their seats while the Prophet of the Lord declares, with such passionate realism the terrible doom of the disobedient.

Colonels Lawley and Eadie were at the helm during the well-fought prayer meeting, and sixty-three souls were recorded as the week-end's captures.

Amongst the fishers, Candidate Mary Booth, daughter of the Chief of Staff, was at work.

A Beautiful Act.

When the meeting was over the General, surrounded by a cheering multitude, hurried off to perform a thoughtful deed of kindness that reflects, in a very touching way, the deep and tender sympathy of this great and busy leader of men.

In the afternoon the chairman mentioned that in Luton there lived a sainted lady, ninety-two years of age, whose dearest wish in life was to see and hear the General. But she dared not leave the room. Some years ago her aged husband had expressed a similar

wish to see the late Mr. Gladstone, and that wish was gratified.

Tired out with the heat and the labors of this arduous campaign, our leader went to shake the aged saint's hand and cheer her on her way to heaven.—J. Y. P.

COURTYARD OPEN-AIRS.

Novel Summer Fighting in Sweden.

One of the most difficult sides of our warfare in Sweden is the fact that nobody is allowed to have open-air meetings in the streets or market-places of the towns or villages. This fact has made it difficult to get permission to use even the courtyards for this purpose, though no laws forbid open-air in these places.

During the past month, however, our comrades have held quite a number of meetings in courtyards, both in Stockholm and several other of the bigger towns. In one instance the Cadets held a very large meeting on a certain ground inside the borders of Stockholm, where over seven hundred people listened to their songs and testimonies.

Several souls have sought salvation in these yard-meetings.

The other day, at one sitting, Commissioner Rees, accepted seventy-three Candidates for the next Training Session, which begins January 1st. Amongst them is a student from the Upsala University.

ADVANCES IN GERMANY.

Crowded Demonstrations and Many Souls.

The Whitsuntide gatherings have been unparalleled in the history of the Army in Germany.

Commissioner Oliphant held large meetings in Rheinland on Whit-Sunday. These were attended by thousands of people, and twenty-four souls sought salvation.

The Berlin forces held their annual outing on Tuesday, when two large ships, full of singing Salvationists and friends, adjourned to one of Germany's famous forests, where the Commissioner conducted a meeting, and three souls came boldly out, knelt on the ground, and cried for mercy.

In every part of the country demonstrations were held, and the Army was to the front as never before.

In Cologne and Solingen, where Lieut.-Colonel Gauntlett conducted, thirty-four men and women came to the cross.

German Salvationists are now preparing for the summer gatherings in Berlin. Comrades have come from the east and west, north and south. Permission to march through the city's beautiful streets has been granted, and a mass meeting on the famous Tempelhofer-feld—the Kaiser's parade ground—has been arranged.

The visit of the General, who has such a big place in the heart of the German nation, is anticipated with delight by the officers, and they are determined to give him a record welcome.

NORWAY'S FESTIVAL.

The annual Whit-Monday excursion on the beautiful Christianiafiord was this year, under the able leadership of Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim, exceptionally successful.

The lovely little saaport, Moss, on the east side of the fiord, was selected as the rendezvous for the eleven corps representing the Salvation forces from the city of Christiania, as well as the little places on both sides of the fiord.

Meetings were conducted in the most available halls, souls were saved and sanctified, and at a great open-air rally on the public grounds thousands of people gathered to listen to the Colonel's powerful address.

Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim were devotedly assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Maidment; a Brigadier and Mrs. Breien, who are taking farewell orders from their Mother Corps, take up an appointment in another part of the world; taken as busi-



Officers and Soldiers of Wetnskiwin.

Young People's Page

TUNING CHURCH BELLS.

The bell-makers were finishing a huge bell for a magnificent church. Beside them stood a pianist. One struck a note of music from the instrument; the other struck the bell a blow with the hammer. "Cia-a-ang!" sounded the mellow metal; and the man beside the bell took up his tools and chipped a small piece from its edge.

"Still too high," he said. "Now, once more, George."

Again the piano was struck, and again the bell was struck.

"Still high," said the workman; and he carefully chipped off another piece of metal.

"Won't you ruin that bell, chipping it so?" a clergyman stopped to ask.

"Why, bless you, no, sir!" said the bell-maker. "You always have to chip a bell to bring it to the required tone. Every bell, after it's done, has to be tuned, and the only way to tune it is to chip it in this way."

This should comfort people undergoing trial and temptation. Looked at in the right light, from God's standpoint, the blows of adversity are meant to "tune" us to the heavenly music, so that we may live nearer the divine ideal.—C. E. World.

STRONGEST PUMP ON EARTH.

The heart is practically a pump a little over 5 inches high and 2 inches wide.

This pump acts 70 times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 times per day; 56,722,000 per year; 2,572,440,000 in 70 years.

At each beat it pumps an average of 2oz. 5.4 drs. into circulation; 6.1 quarts per minute; 369.6 per hour.

All the blood in the body, viz. 54.6 quarts passes through the heart every two minutes.

The heart exerts a power daily capable of lifting over 44 tons to a height of 35 inches. During 70 years of life this marvelous little pump, working incessantly day and night, delivers the enormous amount of more than 55,000,000 gallons of blood.

STEAMING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Until I went to South America (says a great traveler) I believed that sailing above the clouds was an experience confined to aeronauts.

It is quite possible, however, to perform the voyage without a balloon. Indeed I did it in a steamer of six hundred tons.

Not to mystify you, I am talking of a voyage on Lake Titicaca, in the Andes, a body of water 12,550 feet above sea level. It is a curious experience, floating calmly amongst the snow-capped peaks, two miles above the plains. The scenery is simply grand, and the skies seen through the rarefied atmosphere are of weird and wonderful beauty.

A strange thing about this lake is that it is practically bottomless—in all parts—I mean that the depth has never been ascertained. There are a number of yachts and steamers on the lake. These vessels were for the most part built in sections, carried up the mountain, and put together on the shores of the lake. Coal for use in the steamers costs about \$20 a ton, owing to the cost of transportation.

NATIONAL BRIDAL WREATHS.

The custom of wearing bridal wreaths is observed in nearly all parts of the world where flowers are obtainable, but there is a vast deal of difference in the character of the wreaths themselves.

In Germany these are made of myrtle; in the Black Forest, of hawthorn; in Switzerland, of white roses; England, France, and America still cling to orange blossoms.

Pink carnations and red roses deck the brides of Spain, while those of the Ionian Isles wear vine leaves. Rosemary is the favorite in Bohemia, and in Pesh ribbon and artificial flowers are blended.

The Norwegian, Swedish, and Servian bridal crowns of silver are very beautiful; and in Bavaria and Silesia one sees them made of fine wire, gold, glass beads, and tinsel, while in Athens filigree work is employed.

DRESSES OF SPIDER WEB.

The worm is probably the last of created things to turn against the tyranny of those who seek to coerce it, and the silkworm is evidently no exception to the rule, for it has for ages been patiently laboring to gratify human vanity. Not so the spider, however, whose beautiful silk has not yet been similarly applied, simply because the beast refuses to work on order, but a determined onslaught upon his pride. Prejudices have been made in Madagascar, where a silk factory has been started to make silk from spider web. The old difficulty has still been, however, and time alone will show whether the spider is to be the victor. The spinners luxuriate in their native groves, or among their young, or otherwise, when brought to the factory, but

they will not work except just occasionally, when the mood happens to strike them. Then they sometimes spin for days at a time and die of overwork. Their habits and customs are being carefully studied, and if only they will do what is required of them they will be made as comfortable as circumstances will permit. Altogether it is the prettiest little parlor. Perhaps the spider may yet be induced to walk in and favor the proprietor with those silk dresses for which the world is waiting.—Chamber's Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF FABRICS.

Muslin is named for Mosul, in Asia.

Serge comes from Xerga, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket.

Bandana is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie.

Calico is named from Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed.

Alpaca is the name of a species of llama, from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven.

The name damask is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytoon, in China.

Velvet is the Italian velute, woolly, and is traceable further back to the Latin vellum, a hide or pelt.

Shawl is from the Sanskrit shala, which means floor, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry.

Cambrie comes from Cambrai, gauze from Gaza, biele from Bajac, dimity from Dimetia, and jeans from Jean.

Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the 14th century.—Ex.

TWICE AS BIG AS NIAGARA.

The Zambezi River, carrying a huge volume of water, two miles in width, as it reaches the western borders of Rhodesia precipitates itself into a cavernous gorge, and thus traverses the northern plains of the country.

This great drop in the river has produced "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery," the Victoria Falls. Almost twice as broad as Niagara, and two and a half times as high, an immense mass of water rolls over its edge to precipitate itself in magnificent splendor four hundred feet into the narrow canyon below.

Undertaken, the Rhodesian engineers have, without detracting from the natural beauty of the surroundings, thrown across the canyon a splendid 659-foot cantilever bridge, and thus opened the way to Tanganyika, to Uganda, to Cairo.—Sir Percy Girouard.

INCREASE OF THE EMPIRE.

The Imperial Blue Book gives the following interesting details re the past forty years' growth of the British Empire: Since 1861 the area of the Empire has increased from 8,500,000 to 12 million square miles, whilst the population, which was then 250,000,000, is now estimated at 400,000,000. Fifty-four millions of that number are white.

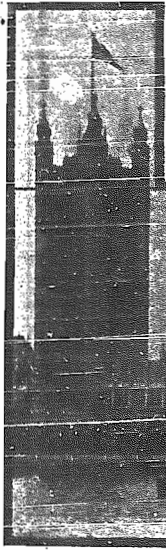
"Big Ben," at Westminster, London.

The great clock over the Houses of Parliament, known as "Big Ben," is the finest timekeeper of any public clock in the world.

There are four dials, 180 feet above the ground level; each of them 22½ feet in diameter, or nearly four hundred feet square in area. They are formed of cast-iron framework, which forms the divisions and figures, the spaces being filled in with opalescent glass.

The hour figures are two feet long, and the minute spaces one foot square. The hour hands are solid, and cast of gun-metal. For lightness the minute hands are tubular; they are of copper.

Each minute hand measures eleven feet from its centre of motion to the point, so that the load on the clock, when subjected to the high wind or covered with snow, can be appreciated. The weight for the going part is comparatively light, and requires winding once a week only.



SACRIFICE FOR WAR.

BY THE GENERAL.

Why cannot we make men willing to suffer and sacrifice, and do and dare for God and the salvation of the world, as they are made willing to do, all as it were in a moment, for home and native land? This is my daily perplexed inquiry.

See what willingness there is to expend money. No estimates appal them. War always has been expensive. In the great American contest it has been calculated that it cost \$15,000 to kill each of the 280,000 poor fellows who perished in that fearful struggle. But nobody seemed particularly concerned. Those who have to pay it say it will be serious, but if it has to be, it must be. And then when we come along and ask for a little money to keep the armies of Jesus Christ in the field, or to increase their numbers, we are almost looked upon as pickpockets.

I can see at the present moment a plan which would in some twelve or eighteen months increase the power to save in this mighty London at least threefold, but to carry it out would involve a few thousands of pounds; but where to get this sum I have no idea. Men—professing Christiana men—will talk, read, and sermonize about charity, but do nothing, or next to nothing. They would be shocked, and perhaps knock you down, or sue you for libel, if you suggested that they were atheists, and did not believe in heaven and hell, and the judgment day; but only ask them to prove their faith by their works, and they come to a dead stop and pass by on the other side.

How willing men are to expend life in these earthly contests. What eagerness there is to face the possibility of death. Officers are exultant in the prospect. It is said that they more than any other classes of the community, clamor for the war. The recruiting offices are besieged, and that not by the riff-raff of society, but by quite decent, well-to-do men. The knowledge that three-quarters of a million men perish in the last war in which England and Russia were engaged does not affright them, any way it does not prevent them wanting to rush into the fight.

Oh, my God! what a contrast does the possibility of this tremendous effort bear to the miserably tiny efforts made by the King of kings to subdue the world to Him! I have heard that one of the largest missionary societies could not find one hundred men last year to replenish their various stations all over the heathen world, although they tried most earnestly. We are not in such extremity as that, my comrades. We have even sent out fifty at a time; but what is that number among the vast nations of the earth?

Men and women prefer to stay at home in ease and luxury, and yet they stick to it, while their selfishness is apparent to everybody, and most of all to themselves, that they are following Jesus Christ.

Ask the poor to go, and they have got somebody to maintain; ask the educated, and they prefer fortune and respectability; and so they go to their professions, and trades, and banks, and clerkships, or anything else that promises them ease and money. But, mark you, they are Christians, good Christians, all the time—but Christians who are bound, for some most excellent reasons, to take care of their own interests. Oh, what a farce must all this appear to angels and devils! What does it appear, O Jesus, to Thee?

What willingness there is to subordinate all other interests to war!

Talk about trade? Yes, it will suffer. The shipping interests? Yes, dreadful. It may mean the transfer of some ocean-carrying trade to the ships of other nations, never to come back. Dear bread? Yes. But no great protest comes. No mass meetings. Not a single fear expressed. And perhaps there ought not to be. Looked at from the standpoint of main-

taining the honor and credit of this great nation, there ought not to be the winking of an eye. These things should be freely offered up. Perhaps so! But how is it that with multitudes who will argue thus any sacrifice of trade, or profit, or comfort required from them in order to push forward our war of salvation, is counted too burdensome to make!

My comrades, let us at least be consistent. We must review our position, and re-examine ourselves. Are we doing our utmost? Or are we talking about great efforts and sacrifices where there is nothing done that can be counted irksome, and nothing contributed that can be considered a sacrifice. It is very possible for us to be looking to outsiders for what we can do ourselves. The next new departure of the Army may be in this direction. We must be ready anyway for anything likely to help on our war, and the old, old saying may receive a new and startling verification, "God helps them that help themselves."—Your General, willing to learn and to follow, William Booth.



Special Topic for Prayer:—
Pray for Mrs. Commissioner
Coombs and the officers engaged in the Rescue Work.

Saturday, July 7.—Mary's Anointing.—John xi. 55-57, xii. 1-11.
Sunday, July 8.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark x. 1-9; Luke xix. 37-40.
Monday, July 9.—Voice from Heaven.—Matt. xxi. 10-16; John xii. 20-33.
Tuesday, July 10.—Teaching the People.—John xii. 35-50.
Wednesday, July 11.—Pretending Ignorance.—Mark xii. 22-33.
Thursday, July 12.—Wicked Husbandmen.
Friday, July 13.—Without the Pass.—Matt. xxii. 1-14.
Saturday, July 14.—Questioned by Enemies.—Matt. xxii. 15-41.

THE RESCUE WORK.

By Mrs. N. B. Johnston, Secretary.

This week we present to our readers for special remembrance in prayer, the dear Rescue officers and their honored leader, Mrs. Coombs. If any workers need the sympathy and prayers of our Christian readers, surely these brave toilers have a very important claim. They are daily and hourly dealing with the sins and sorrows of others. They touch continually the broken chords of many wrecked lives, and cause them to vibrate with a new song of hope and courage. Their work is a constant strain upon heart and nerve and brain, as well as physically taxing. They need ever the soothing, strengthening touch of divine grace, and while these dear officers are giving the very best of their consecrated lives to the service of the lost, let all who are interested in this work—and their names are legion—pray earnestly for the workers.

Mrs. Coombs, the Leader.

The Rescue Work is especially fortunate in having for its leader dear Mrs. Coombs, who was its founder in Canada.

The writer remembers her loving and efficient leadership in the initial work of Rescue, and the personal help and blessing she was to herself when first entering that work, which claimed thirteen years of her life.

Mrs. Coombs has for years battled with fragile health, and we would like to suggest that the Great Physician may be requested this week to give her more physical strength with which to combat the difficulties and bear the burdens which are inevitable in her great and manifold responsibilities.

Reasons for Success of Rescue Work.

The German writer, Goethe, says, "The highest hope for the worst is in loving contact with the best." Who can doubt the truth of this axiom?

There are four cardinal principles which are the fundamentals of this work, and to the carrying out of which, any success we may have achieved is attributable.

First Principle.—Kindness.

Ruskin says: "Think then, and some day you will feel also—no morbid passion of pity . . . but the steady fire of perpetual kindness."

We have consecrated willing hands, thoughtful minds, and loving hearts to this work, we are the friends of the unfortunate and lapsed classes—not the patrons. We have found a kind word—yes, even a tear of sympathy—to be more effectual than the most profound and learned expositions on the tenets of our faith. In fact, the manifestations of divine love through human sympathy has been the key which has often unlocked hearts inaccessible to any other influence.

Second Principle.—Industry.

Professor George Herron tells us, "In the highest days of Greek art and philosophy, work was supposed to be fit for no one but slaves. Since the coming of the carpenter's Son, Who is the final authority in social and political economy, work has grown in honor." And we have found one of the surest evidences of reform in the fact that those who have tried to help have shown an anxiety to become industrious. We teach and train girls in suitable occupations, and never send them out until they are capable of earning an honest livelihood.

Third Principle.—No Compulsion.

One of the sweetest Saxon words in our vocabulary is "Höme."

A lady said to me on one occasion, "But do you not lock your girls up?"

I replied in the negative.

"And they do not run away?"

"It is the most rare occurrence for a girl to run away from us," I informed her.

"That is strange," continued the lady; "I wonder how you manage it?"

"The answer is in my first reply: We do not compel anyone to come to us, or stay with us. We make our places as homelike as possible and they do not want to leave us, and hundreds have no other four walls they can designate by that precious word."

There are no cast steel, inflexible regulations, no iron bars, but a beautiful home influence pervades, and where girls are still living in the same city they continually come in to spend their evenings in our Homes.

Fourth Principle.—No Reform Without Regeneration.

The atonement of Christ is the hope of the world, we believe His blood is the panacea for all the sins and misery of a fallen race. And we aim by precept and example, rather than by preaching, to bring all who come to us, from country home, prison cell, house of ill repute, or anywhere else, to a saving knowledge of the grace of God.

We have made practical application of these principles and God has owned our work, and many thousands have been rescued and restored to happy, useful, Christian lives.

When a goldsmith fashions a chalice for a king, he first purifies the precious metal by fire to rid it of base alloy, and stamps it with the assayer's approval. Then he moulds it into a fitted form for his high uses. Then he burnishes and polishes it, chasing and adorning it to make it lustrous. So our blessed Lord first tries our faith as by fire, till the dross is gone, and He can stamp it "Approved"; that is "Praise." Then He sets the vessel meet for the Master's use, to do every good work that is "Honour to Him on the finishing touches." He takes back the luster of His own "Glory."

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Connors.

Promotions—

ENSIGN HANNAH BROSTER to be
ADJUTANT.

Capt. Lydia Dunster to be ENSIGN

Capt. Lottie Burtch to be ENSIGN.

Cadet Maud Ball, Newfoundland, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Wm. Vincent, Newfoundland, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Amos Stickland, Newfoundland to be
Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Janet Matthews, Newfoundland, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Julia Hussey, Newfoundland, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

For What Do You Pray? Someone has said, "God reads our character in our prayers. What we love

best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts." Under the light of this searching truth we may well pull ourselves up for a closer scrutiny. What is the absorbing subject of your petitions? Souis, or self? What do you love best you ask for most. Amid these priceless opportunities of summer's camp and door-door can I gains, what lies nearest your heart as the most coveted divine gift?

The Burden of One thing singled out
the Lord. some of God's prophets as
men aloof from their fellows.

Not their skill, eloquence, policy, nor even sacrifice altogether—but just this fact, that the burden of the Lord was upon them. So we find Jeremiah weeping day and night in an agony of intercession for his people; Ezekiel sitting, speechless with sorrow, for seven days, among the captives while the fountain of Godly sympathy flowed through him to those to whom he was sent to admonish; Daniel, set upon his knees at the touch of the divine hand, fasting and praying three full weeks over his nation's sin, until the gracious answer of peace reached him, brought by the angel through conflicting hosts of spirits, and the ultimate triumph of God's Kingdom was assured. These are the kind of burden-bearers wanted in Canada to-day.

"Holy Ann's" "The memory of the just
Promotion. is blessed." To have had

personal intercourse with such a sainted warrior will be a treasured memory to many hearts for years to come. 'Ann's living touch with God, her child-like walk with Him, subservience to Him, implicit faith in His interest, care, ability, and presence at all times could not fail to bless herself. Her passing was just the fall-out after a full life of service. Next we propose to outline part of her wonderful triumphs of faith, for the readers.

The Commissioner returned from Winnipeg via Chicago last week. His visit to the Canadian Western Metropolis was well timed, as he was able to meet Mr. Hodson, the Forsters' representative, also Major Creighton, who are both in the west in connection with the settlement scheme. Several matters of importance were discussed and decisions arrived at on the spot, which will be full of interest as they develop in days to come.

The "Kensington" arrived on Saturday evening, having made the best passage yet recorded—she arrived ahead of schedule time. The voyage was pleasant and the passengers were disembarked without untoward incidents. Commissioner Cadman arrived in Toronto on Tuesday night, the 25th ult., and was the guest of the Commissioner at Davisville.

Another officer, who came to assist Commissioner Cadman in charge of the immigrants to "Kensington," is Staff-Captain Carleton, son of Commissioner Carleton. The Staff-Captain is attached to the Emigration Office in London, and was a timely visitor, especially in connection with the Tisdale settlers' affairs as he is cognizant of the efforts that have been made for their safe embarkation in England, and also knew of the efforts that had been made to obtain a good selection. The Staff-Captain, as far as the Salvation Army is concerned, is a worthy son of an illustrious father.

The Commissioner conducted a special noon knee-drill at Headquarters the day of his arrival in Toronto. The Staff-Captain had the privilege of an introduction to the Territorial Staff, and Commissioner Cadman made one of his fiery, pithy, and brief addresses.

Thirteen families were sent from Quebec to Tisdale to form the nucleus of what is now known as the Foresters' Settlement Scheme. They are said to be a fine class of people. Upon their arrival in Tisdale they will be placed upon quarter sections of land, where a house, barn, etc., are now being erected, the land being ploughed with a steam plough, and other preparations made for their future comfort and prosperity.

The Winnipeg papers published an interview with Commissioner Coombs, which was in turn cabled, through the Press Agency to the other Canadian papers, concerning the future of the Immigration and Colonization Scheme. The Army is showing it is equal to a great opportunity, and the system that is in process of evolution through the present operations of the Immigration Department will soon be equal to a very great and far-reaching national work.

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs last week visited Hamilton and London Rescue Homes on inspection business. She had a very pleasant trip to Western Ontario, and gave careful attention to all matters effecting the future welfare of these institutions. She is busy at the office every day.

The arrival of the "Kensington" was looked forward to with extreme anxiety and anticipation by a number of husbands and fathers who have come to Canada within the last twelve months, leaving their wives and children in the Old Land. The "Kensington" held a precious burden for some of them, and it was very touching to see them at the Toronto railway depot enquiring when the next train from Quebec would arrive. One, a father who came from England nearly twelve months ago, was waiting to welcome a wife and eight children whom he had not seen since they parted. He is doing well, and his appearance gave evidence of prosperity.

The opening of Camp Meetings at Duffrington Grove was attended with such blessings. There was a good crowd on Saturday night and on Sunday the tent was filled, both after noon and night, despite a showery day. It was a very good beginning in the opinion of those who were present, who had responsibility for the success of the Camp Meetings.

Brigadier Taylor is to be congratulated upon the arrangements he made. The plan o

the camp is very satisfactory. The Auditorium tent will hold about 1,000, and is surrounded by other tents, both small and great. It is a "Training College" under canvas, and the ordinary session of the Training College is being concluded there. The meetings during the week were also very successful.

Brigadier Collier is gone on furlough to West Ontario. He continued very weak up to the time of his leaving Orillia, but there is every hope that a complete change will restore him speedily. The Brigadier has worked very hard in the New Ontario Division. Major Rawling, his successor, will have welcome meetings on Sunday, July 8th.

Promotion to Glory of Holy Ann.

Our hearts were filled with sorrow when the information reached us that Ann had been stricken with paralysis, and could not live. That was on Tuesday, and on the Thursday evening following she passed away. Her's was a wonderful life, having reached 100 years, and yet to see her in a meeting she might have been taken for very little more than half that age. She always had a gushing testimony and was filled with the love and power of God continually. She was a woman of great faith. She knew-how to appropriate the promises of God, and as a consequence had many remarkable answers to prayer. She was a joyful Christian. We never remember her being downcast and gloomy, but ever looked upon the brightest side. The joy of the Lord was her strength. She loved her Bible; it was her compass and comfort.

The funeral service was held in the Berkeley St., Methodist Church, which was the last place the dear old lady attended prior to her death. Hundreds of friends and sympathizers were present. For an hour before the service the remains were viewed by many who knew her. Commissioner Coombs and the Salvation Army were represented by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. The Colonel and Capt. Marshall sang together—

"Face to face shall I behold Him,

Far beyond the starry sky;

Face to face, in all His glory,

I shall see Him by-and-bye."

After which the Colonel made some kindly references to her life. Ann was very partial to the Commissioner, and used to call him "The man after God's own heart." At the time of her death and funeral he was out of the city, but a message was read from Mrs. Coombs by Colonel Purgaire as follows:

"Our departed sister was valiant for the truth—a real mother in Israel, a devoted Christian, and follower of Jesus Christ. The world is poorer, but heaven is richer by her death."

The Rev. M. L. Pearson, Pastors Jno. Salmon and Rolfe, and others, spoke. It was a most impressive service. She looked beautiful as she lay peacefully in the casket, the plate of which read: "Ann Preston, aged 100 years."

The remains were interred in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, in the family plot of Mrs. Ledlow, with whom Ann lived at the time of her death. She is absent from the body, but present with the Lord. We expect to meet her again in Glory.

Forging Ahead in South Africa.

Following on the great Self-Denial triumph new openings are being immediately made at Heilbron, in the Orange River Colony, and Vrededorp, in the Transvaal.

Brigadier Palstra is ready with a couple more openings as soon as officers are available.

Added to these, Kenilworth has been successfully opened by Acting-Commissioner Richards, and officered from the Training Home.

Cape Town III. corps, which for years has been on the streets, now boasts of a hall of its own. The district is the best and most populous of Cape Town, and at the opening the hall was crowded.

Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

A Promising Opening—The Chief Secretary in Command, Supported by the Territorial and Training Staff—An Aggressive and Vigorous Campaign—Bubbling Enthusiasm—A Dozen Captures.

The spirit of aggression has ever marked the onward march of the Salvation Army. Whether it be in its every-day and all-season corps operations, or our more brilliant and carefully-planned special campaigns, or within the hospitable walls of Rescue Homes and Social Institutions—the same indefatigable, ardent spirit of pulling men out of the fire is everywhere manifest.

Salvationists have learned of their Master to draw the crowds in the open-air, and urge upon them an immediate surrender to His claims, and choice of His service.

This summer's series of Camp Meetings have had a good launch at Dufferin Grove, under the leadership of the Chief Secretary. Brigadier Taylor and his willing Staff had perfected the arrangements within the limits of their possibility. A large tent, to accommodate some thousand persons was erected, with a picturesque background of another dozen or so, where are encamped the sixty Cadets in session, as well as the Training Staff, and a few courageous comrades from T. H. Q. The Grove furnishes delightful facilities for impromptu open-air work amongst the crowds of camp-followers, who stroll under the shade of its tall trees, or recline in groups on the downy carpet of grass.

Besides this, however, the Army's annual protracted Camp Meetings there have won their own reputation, and are one of the delights to which Canadian Salvationists look forward to in the summer time.

This year's program is particularly attractive, and the first week-end's meetings, reported below, contain evidences of immeasurable blessings destined to flow out into many lives as a result of the campaign.

Saturday Evening's Opening Service.

The most splendid weather attended the opening of the Camp, and a goodly crowd gathered in the large tent for the first meeting. A spirit of deep earnestness prevailed, and one felt that the Salvationists had come together for none other than business purposes—their business and the King's business—saving souls. The meeting took the character of a consecration service preparatory to the great events which were to follow. Colonel Kyle was in command, assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who led a bright testimony meeting for a portion of the time. Several of the officers from T. H. Q. spoke briefly, mostly giving their personal testimony, and the first Camp Meeting closed by a wholesale coming forward of all who wished for a fresh baptism of the Spirit and a renewing of power for service in the coming campaign.—S. A. C.

Sunday Morning's Holiness Campaign—Stump Speeches—Holiness Testimonies, and Two Surrenders.

The day's proceedings were opened by a large open-air meeting held around an old stump on the grounds, which served excellently for a pulpit. Quite a number of salvation stump speeches were delivered by the Cadets, all characterized by a spirit of great earnestness and burning zeal. The arrival of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle was the signal for the service inside to commence, and, headed by the Dovercourt band, the whole party of Salvationists marched to the tent, where a real holiness meeting was soon in progress. On the platform were a number of Staff Officers from T. H. Q., also Mr. Rundle, by whose kindness the Army is privileged to use the property once more. After Brigadier Horn had read the watchman's chapter from Ezekiel, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire called for testimonies bearing directly on sanctification.

A number testified to the experience, and a marked impression was made by the clearing of evidence given by living witnesses. Mrs. Kyle then arose and gave a very clear and convincing testimony. She is a thorough believer in holiness, and rejoiced to be able to testify "to the glorious power of the Son of God being able to destroy sin in the human heart, and make it possible for believers to live in the smile of God constantly."

The Colonel followed up this straight attack by directing a plain question from God's Word to the hearts of the unsanctified. "Wilt thou be made clean?" was the query of the moment. He expressed a desire that these meetings should be the means of reviving the doctrine and experience of holiness, for he constantly met people who were backsliders from it, and consequently are powerless Christians, whose miserable experience might be summed up as follows—

"Oh, for the peace I once enjoyed,
Its memory haunts me still;
Within its place an aching void
The world can never fill."

In response to Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire's appeal, two men held up their hands asking for the prayers of godly people, one finally making his way to the penitent form to surrender himself completely to the will of God and be made clean. The other was dealt with where he sat, and before he left professed to find peace also.

Sunday Afternoon.

The open-air, conducted by the Chief Secretary, was cut short by rain, but was not lacking in fire and enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding the wet and threatening clouds, a good crowd gathered in the tent. The meeting, from the first song, given out by Brigadier Taylor, was marked with the spirit of enthusiasm. Brigadier Horn and Captain Lighthourne prayed. Cadet Pollett and Sister Simpson sang a duet. Staff-Capt. Attwell read the Bible lesson. Brigadier Taylor led the testimonies, of which there were an abundance, and of the right kind. Adj. Owen soloed, and the General Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, spoke, taking his subject from the lesson read by Staff-Capt. Attwell. The Colonel gave a most helpful and edifying address.

The Chief Secretary, who was in charge, brought the meeting to a good finish. The tide is steadily rising, and the Camp Meetings bid fair to be a source of great spiritual power and soul-saving.—J. R.

Sabbath Evening in the Grove.

At the preceding open-air service, where the Cadets made the most of their opportunities from the top of an old tree stump, a large crowd gathered, held at least by the earnestness, if not the eloquence, of their oratory. There was no uncertain ring about the testimonies, nor of the old-time Gospel truths uttered. The Dovercourt band furnished the music, for their corps, more than any other in the city, most distinctly reaps the benefit of this special effort. The soldiery, therefore, turned out in good force, and went in for heartily enjoying their privileges.

It was soon evident that the inside service would be a time of heavy fring. Enough Staff surrounded the Chief Secretary to run two dozen separate meetings enthusiastically. When, therefore, all were focussing their earnest prayers, petitions, appeals, and faith upon this one audience it could not be other than a powerful occasion.

Colonel Kyle is one of those leaders who delights in employing as many as possible of the comrades of all grades around him. Variety, both in thought and character, was,

therefore, a feature in each of his meetings.

On this occasion Brigadier Taylor lined out the opening song. Sergt. Marshall, of the Printing House, stormed heaven, entreating blessing, followed by Mrs. Colonel Pugmire. A duet from two sisters preceded Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's Bible reading. Then Brigadier Southall fired some heavy shot in unbeliever's hearts. A mellowing solo from Capt. DeBow drove it home. An interval of music, announcements, etc., and Captain N. Coombs was on her feet. Her theme was the Blood. One of the tender, heavenly little choruses sandwiched between prayers, earlier in the meeting, had been—

"Only the Blood can Save."

The Captain's talk drove that truth deeper down. Colonel Kyle followed with a masterly address, proving from past and present that a man's belief—his faith, indeed—influences and determines his conduct. Practical illustrations from discoverers, whose faith had led them to toil—and even the sacrifice of their lives—to attain their object, were vividly drawn, and then the great Apostle Paul's own testimony formed the basis of urgent appeal.

Mrs. Colonel Kyle was the next speaker, a touching duet having been rendered by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Capt. Mardall. Her address was directed to the conscience, and led up to the mercy seat.

During the prayer meeting Colonel Pugmire held the bridge, seconded by Adj. Owen. Staff-Capt. Fraser worked among the penitents, and a great deal of earnest, hand-to-hand, heart-to-heart, personal dealing went on all over the large tent. On the outside of it the Colonel had a large unseen audience. Conviction was deep; many were wounded; some wept; others battled back their feelings, whilst the fishers' sympathy and desire for them grew into veritable soul-burden. Some thirteen surrendered, although that number merely represents a fringe of the actual work accomplished by the Spirit of God.

Later meetings will gather many of the wounded in doubtless.

Meetings in Central Prison, Mercer and Asylum.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Capt. Fraser and Capt. Mardall, conducted the services in each of the above prisons on Sunday afternoon last. At the Central Prison thirty-three men signified their desire to lead a different life, and asked for the prayers of the officers. A mellowing influence fell upon the meeting as the Colonel and Capt. Mardall sang "Face to Face with Christ, My Saviour."

At the Mercer there were thirty women present at the meeting. Twenty-five of these were thoroughly broken down, and amid floods of tears expressed their desire for salvation.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser conducted the meeting in the asylum, and reports a very good time.

Among the Mill Hands.

Readers of the War Cry will be interested to know that Colonel Pugmire, assisted by Capt. Mardall, conducted a service at 7 a.m., on Saturday morning last, with the employees of Mr. Greay, Mill Furnishing Co., on Church St., Toronto.

Mr. Greay has a nice little chapel on the same premises, where he has a religious service with his men every week.

Nearly 100 men attended the meeting, and the Colonel, after singing one of his beautiful solos, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the Prison Work of the Salvation Army, etc. The Captain also sang, accompanied by the guitar, and the men showed their appreciation of the whole service in a marked manner.

The Rev. Mr. Salmon was also present to read from the Word of God.

May God prosper Mr. Greay, who has taken such a bold stand for God even in his business.

GENESIS IN NEW ZEALAND.

(To our frontispiece.)

By Major Cutler.

The history of New Zealand reads like a drama. It is astonishing that so easy a conquest should have been made—despite the fact of military engagements on record—in the light of the noble, fighting qualities of the original possessors of the country.

"Where did the Maoris come from?" is a question more easily asked than answered. Away in the distant past, the canoes of the brave Polynesians sailed into the unknown, discharged their living freight, and some returned.

Probably something that is unrecorded happened. The distant comrades were forgotten by their fellows, and thus, maybe, comes the Maori.

It is said that for some 600 years the isolated emigrants had been unvisited from the outside world.

The French, Portuguese, and Dutch each claim the honor of discovering New Zealand. Whatever may have been done previously, we are best acquainted with the recorded fact that Captain Abel Jansen Tasman anchored in Cook Straits, during December, 1642.

Captain Cook, later, landed in "Poverty" Bay (October, 1769). He re-named the islands and called them New Zealand.

Thus the outer world introduced itself to the Maori—a fine, noble, dark-skinned savage and cannibal, as found by the explorers. It is to the credit of the native race that the Maori early saw the advantage of civilization. By the famous treaty of Waitangi (January, 1840) the Maoris ceded to Queen Victoria forever the right of government over the whole of the islands.

The history of massacre and war and bloodshed we need not here dwell upon. There were blundering and wrong-doings on both sides, until, it is recorded, that even British soldiers practically refused to shoot the brave Maoris who stood facing death in defence of their lands and lives.

There are honored names associated with districts, streets and monuments in the colony. Probably in the hurry of everyday life, few pause to consider how important and useful were the services of the statesmen and others whose names are so familiar, or how appreciated their memory should be for the wise direction of affairs by which so plentiful and desirable a heritage was secured for later generations to enjoy.

Gospel Gleams—A Notable Christmas Day.

Some ninety years ago the first missionary landed in New Zealand—the Rev. Samuel Marsden. We are told that "Mr. Marsden opened his spiritual crusade, at the Bay of Islands, on Christmas Day, 1814. The natives had made rude preparations for the event by enclosing half an acre of land with a fence, erecting a pulpit and reading desk in the centre, covered with native mats dyed black, and using as seats for the Europeans some bottoms of old canoes, which were placed on each side of the pulpit.

"Mr. Marsden

preached from the passage in St. Luke: 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.'"

Thus Christianity faced again the strongholds of darkness and heathenism. Other missionaries followed, and the foundation of the religion of Jesus Christ was duly laid.

The Army's Advent.

April 1st, 1883, is a historic date in the records of our work in the colony. Then it was that Captain Pollard and Lieutenant (now Colonel) Ted Wright opened the attack at the celebrated Fountain in Dunedin.

Flaming announcement had been made of the "bombardment" to take place. The crowd mustered in strong force, and—could burlesque apparently be carried further?—a couple of mere striplings commenced to sing a hymn! Yet the fact contained all that the world, and even the church, have been slow to learn before and since, that it is "not by might," but "by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

The openings at Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, as well as in the less populous places, were characterized in the same way. People gathered in hundreds and thousands; the few confounded the mighty, and, while some newspapers sneered and misrepresented the motive and effort, the enigma of a growing and mighty work was astonishingly apparent to friend and foe.

During the twenty-three years of the Army's work in the colony there have been all the elements that are incidental to a live concern and real war. Cold membership might be compared to inorganic matter, but soldiery of the Army is an active, restless service in which the soul is the arena for the play of supernatural powers. Because human nature is what it is, there must ever be in such a case the evidences of spiritual war.

What glorious triumphs are included in the twenty years' salvation war in the colony! What mighty victories over sin! What deliverances from the evil one, and what noble heroes and heroines the recording angel has inscribed on heaven's roll of honor! Also what tragedies, what defeats Satanic guile and power have accomplished in individuals and numbers who once "ran well"! Such incidents are inseparable from spiritual war, but, alas! for those who lose their spiritual inheritance through being switched from seeking the eternal possessions to the pursuit of temporal and temporary things.

Throughout the colony a grand work has been and is being done. Hand-in-hand our spiritual and social work progresses, and in the spirit of unswerving loyalty to its divine call to existence our Army goes forward.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?

Things won't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.

Lieut.-Colonel Reid

Farewells from Ireland after Ten Months' Useful Work.

Just as Lieut.-Colonel Minnie Reid was becoming personally known to the British Field Staff, in virtue of her being Provincial commander of Ireland (for the greater part of her twenty years' experience has been spent on the continent), she farewells from the Green Isle, much to the disappointment of her comrades there. Her appointment, ten months ago, to Ireland, created more than usual interest. Only once before has Ireland had a woman as its chief officer, and that was in the days when a P. C. was more of an evangelist than an administrator of affairs.

It is well known that, though Ireland loves the Army—and there are no more determined and fiery Salvationists than the Irish—the command has its peculiar difficulties, demanding from a leader a rare amount of tact, wisdom, faith, and daring. Lieut.-Colonel Reid has won her way in the affections and confidence of her corps by the exhibition of these admirable qualities.

To the agreeable surprise of those familiar with the obstacles, the Colonel has been especially fortunate in promoting building and renovation schemes, while equally successful in encouraging our up-to-date aims with respect to the young people's branch of the war. But the chief joy of her soul—and those who have actively fought on such fields as she has done in Italy and Belgium will best understand that joy—was the fact that during her stay she saw several of her corps revived, and many souls won for the redeemer's Kingdom.

The Colonel was given a rousing and characteristic send-off, Staff-Captain Batson emphasizing the chief points of progress in Ireland during her direction of affairs, and congratulating her upon the still wider sphere of influence that lies before her.

Arrows from Mrs. Kyle's Quiver.

"There is no whip with so mighty knots in its cords as the conscience."

"Secret thoughts even, will have to be given an account of to the great Judge."

"Your only hope is this Christ."

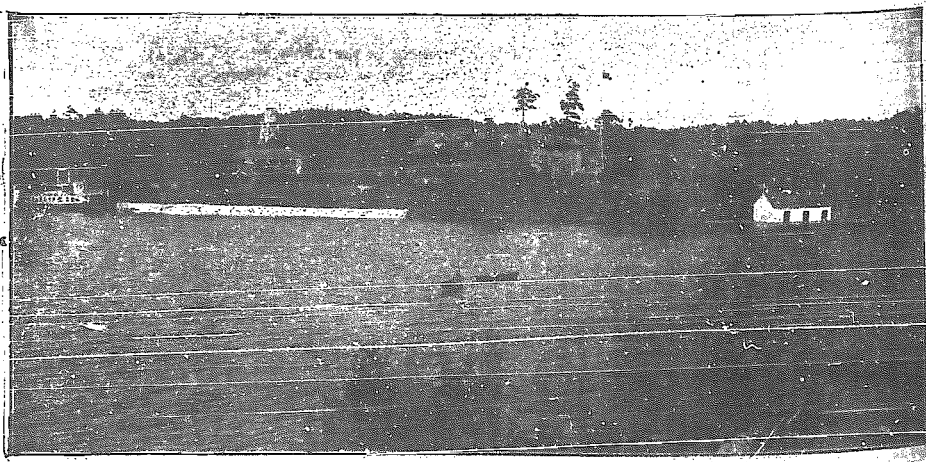
"It is no good clutching at a straw."

"The golden chain of salvation has been lowered to you by Christ Himself."

"Gethsemane—so dark to Him, but so dear to us."

God has done more for you than for the people in olden days. To them He sent His prophets and angels; to you He has sent His own Son.

This is the day when we want to substantiate what we believe by personal testimony. —Colonel Kyle.



Rose Point Summer Resort, Farry Sound, Ont.

[Grand Trunk Railway System]

GEORGE FOX,

THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XVI.

Dealing with Lax Quakers.

There were a great number of Quakers in Barbadoes. They formed a large, if not the larger portion of the population. It is considered probable that Quakerism was established in the West Indies by the Quakers who had been banished there from England and America. It is quite certain that it owed its strength to those unfortunate prisoners. However, large as their meetings were, the West Indian Quakers had grown lax, and become infected with worldliness. It was George's main work to try to get the same order and regularity here as was enforced in England. Among other things he warned friends to "be very particular in seeing that their houses were kept spotlessly clean." This was a matter of great importance in that climate, where epidemics were so common. They were also "not to permit unkind things to be said about each other, whereby the enemy had cause to blaspheme." Then they were to provide suitable cemeteries, keep an accurate account of births, deaths, and marriages, and to make their wills when in good health.

His advice regarding the slaves showed him to be a man of wisdom and penetration. Curiously enough, many of the West Indian Quakers were slave holders. George was always opposed to slavery, yet he knew if he prevailed upon the West Indians to set all their slaves free at once, they would suffer greatly through having no means of livelihood. To turn a large number of uneducated, improvident, and unskilled people loose, and to tell them to look out for themselves, would be nothing less than cruelty.

"Respecting the negroes," writes George, "I desire them to train them up in the fear of the Lord, so that, with Joshua, every master of a family might say: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' I desire also that they would cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with their negroes, and not use cruel towards them, as the manner of some hath been and is, and that after certain years of servitude, they should set them free."

Unfortunately, this wise advice, which would render slaves little more than apprentices, was not taken, and though the West Indian Quakers treated their slaves kindly, they did not free them.

The American and English Quakers held strong anti-slavery views, and the Americans soon took up the matter in earnest. As early as 1783, we read of one meeting sending a protest against slavery to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. They never ceased to struggle and protest till every slave was emancipated.

After three months in Barbadoes, they sailed for Jamaica. Here, soon after they landed, Elizabeth Hooten died. She was very old—so old that it was a marvel she ever undertook the journey. She seemed quite in her usual health the day before she died, but the climate of Barbadoes had also told on her, more than they knew at the time. George only stayed about seven weeks in Jamaica before he departed for Maryland. They had a perilous voyage of six or seven weeks, during which time they were almost starved, owing to their provisions running out.

A Heavenly Meeting of Four Days' Duration.

A Quaker minister, John Burneyate, met them on their arrival, and told them that they were just in time for a meeting which was going to be held to say farewell to him on the eve of his departure for England. This meeting lasted four days! It was a "very large and heavenly one," George says in his journal. At its close, the leading Quakers met again to hold a business meeting. It was at these business meetings that George instructed the Quakers as to the principles of the Society of Friends. After all was over, the visiting Quakers separated. Some went in one direc-

tion, some in another, on preaching tours.

There was no people George took more interest in than the Indians. The Puritans, as a rule, looked upon them as their natural enemies. They would trade with them, but—generally speaking—treat them as friends, and brothers with immortal souls, they would not. With this feeling George had no sympathy whatever. While in America he impressed upon his followers their duties to the red man with such good effect that as late as 1812 a historian tells us that "the best defence against the Indians was the dress of a Quaker."

Police Court Work at Moose Jaw.

Police Court Missioner W. C. Clark was at Moose Jaw over the Sunday, holding meetings in connection with the Salvation Army's Police Court Mission, and on Monday morning appeared before Messrs. Saunders and Hitchcock in his official capacity of Police Court Missioner representing the Salvation Army. Moose Jaw Court has the distinction of being the first Court in the Province having in attendance a Court Commissioner, and, further, the inauguration of the work is a good one. The first case in which the clemency of the Court was sought was acceded to, and the prisoner was allowed out on suspended sentence of three months, Mr. Clark undertaking to report to the magistrates within that time as to the prisoner's conduct.

The prisoner is a young married man of some twenty-four years, who had previously borne an excellent character. Under the stress of poverty and distressing circumstances he obtained money under false pretences. The magistrate hoped he had learned a life-long lesson. They were giving him a chance, he said, to become an honest man, and it was for himself alone to show that he would do his part to become what he ought to be—a man, and a good husband and father.

The accused left the Court with Mr. Clark.

George's Surrender.

Into the Army barracks of one of our Western cities strolled a young man, whose life record was not by any means enviable.

He had been a very wild, harum-scarum fellow, and in his determination "to see the world," and "enjoy life," had become more and more hopelessly involved in wrong doing. Up to this time, however, the grip of conscience had been slack, if not benumbed, by further excesses.

Possibly heredity and environment were to blame for the man he was—in some measure, at least. But if immediate religious influences had not come his way, no man could live in a Gospel-enlightened country and pretend to be ignorant of the way of righteousness, and the follies and inevitable retribution of sin. But, as in many another case, there had been an easy yielding of character to the stronger tides of evil, which wade every young man's feet as he launches out into the world.

Little did he think what would come of attending the Army meeting that night.

The soldiers testified, sang, and prayed with evident earnestness. Many of them were new converts, recently born into the Kingdom of God. The lassie officers pleaded, exhorted, and warned their hearers from hearts aflame with the love of souls, though in all the simplicity of every-day language. George was taken hold of mightily by the Spirit of God. As he bent his head to hide the workings of conscience, shutting out the view of his fellows around him, a vision of his own crimes arose, and conscience cried sternly,

"Thou Art the Man."

Sin had never appeared to his soul so "exceedingly sinful" as at that moment. The burden of guilt was so intolerable that he longed to relieve himself by confiding it to those he felt instinctively he could trust. Re-

maining after the congregation had dispersed, he sought spiritual advice of the officers.

It is no light matter to be a soul-adviser, but as the story was unfolded, the Captain was convinced that no peace could be established in this man's heart, nor assurance of pardon come from the Saviour, until he had made a clean breast of his wrongs, and delivered himself up to the law, whose course he had sought to evade.

"What, give myself over to the police, and confess these things?" he cried in tormenting agony.

"Yes; you must have the courage of your convictions—do right at all costs, and leave the rest to God."

That was too hard a task, and he turned away hugging his load of secret condemnation, with a heavier heart than before.

Some days passed ere he ventured again into the Army barracks. Conviction had settled upon his soul in dead earnest, and

The Price of a Quiet Conscience

and God's gracious pardon, did not now seem so impossible.

As he listened again to the plan of salvation and the terms of surrender upon which God meets the repentant sinner, and applies the atoning blood to cleanse away sin-stains, he determined that, cost what it will, he would get right with God. That night he sought mercy where the dying thief found it, and with noble courage forthwith went and gave himself up to the authorities with a full, frank confession of his complicity.

The trial came off; witnesses were examined; evidence rendered, and sentence passed—five years in the penitentiary. It is a big slice out of robust youth and manhood, with plenty of thinking-time. But George testifies that God's grace is enough. He is daily proving the sweetness of a soul at rest, and in lieu of repining, the love of his Saviour fills his heart with peace and joy.

On a recent visit from Lieut.-Colonel Pagmore, the Prison Gate Secretary, to the Penitentiary, he was able to both hear and speak cheering words of spiritual progress.

"I feel," said he, "that it is better to be here with a clear conscience, than outside with a bad one."

"In fact," says the Colonel, "I found him exceedingly happy, testifying to the fact that God is with him."

The Colonel was able to evoke a kindly interest in him on the part of the courteous Warden, being in possession of the details of the case which led up to his incarceration.

DEVELOPMENT IN BRITISH SOCIAL OPERATIONS.

Some time ago arrangements were made for dealing with all sorts of salvage at some of our Social Institutions. Married men who were out of work were employed in canvassing for old lumber that householders would be glad to get rid of. Other unemployed men sorted and repaired the stuff in the Elevators, after which it was sold at a nominal price to the poorest of the poor.

This scheme, Commissioner Sturges assures us, has been most successful.

At one place the officer had to employ a traction engine to draw the salvage to our warehouse!

In another district no less than nineteen homes of the poor have been furnished by the help of this scheme; while many others are now more comfortably furnished than they previously were.

One day a nurse called at one of these depots. She had just come across a poor woman practically destitute, lying on a bed that was devoid of blankets or sheets. Could the officer lay his hands on any bedding in order to make the woman more comfortable? A visit to the salvage store furnished some sheets and a bundle of women's cast-off clothing satisfactory met the need beautifully. The poor woman was made comfortable, and her husband, a cooper, and under far happier circumstances, otherwise have been the car-

great S. A. at large. After straight fighting we closed and rejoiced over one soul.—Chas. Robinson, for Capt. Rock.

WINNIPEG II. It is quite a long while since you have heard from this corner of the battlefield, but we are still hard at the fight, and souls are being saved. On Sunday last, June 11th, we had the farewell meeting of our officers, Adj. H. M. Scott and Lieut. C. Miroy. The parting is deeply felt, as they have been with us nearly twelve months, and have, by their patience and sympathy, helped many a soul to the glorious light of God's love. While we pray for them we are going to give our new officers a real soldier's welcome to the North-West corner, and pray that through their efforts many may find salvation. When Adj. Scott and Lieut. Miroy came, last July, they came to a tent with some forms in it, a new opening, and no soldiers, locals, or anything else. They leave behind them a corps of thirty-seven enrolled soldiers, nine locals, and a nice hall and quarters. They pass on, but are remembered by what they have done.—G. T.

YORKVILLE. Last Sunday night our Cadets to Cadets. deto bade us farewell. The services of the day will not soon be forgotten, especially the night meeting when the Cadets, each in their turn left with us their farewell message, which was sharp and to the point. As they related their different experiences many were brought to tears. Their deep interest in the welfare of the corps and the salvation of souls has been very manifest during their entire stay with us. Always at their post, always ready and willing to shoulder any responsibility that the Captain thought advisable to place upon them. They discharged their every duty to the best of their ability for the glory of God and for the best interests of the Army. We all heartily and sincerely say, "God bless the Cadets." The meetings all day were of much power and great blessing. Many of the soldiers spoke words of praise and commendation to the Cadets, admonishing them to stand fast and trust in God and the Salvation Army. Mrs. Mowat and Miss E. Simpson rendered a farewell duet, and Bro. Vickers a farewell solo, which was greatly appreciated by all. The services all day were ably conducted by Capt. Wear and Lieut. Heron, who have now been with us nearly a year. God bless them. Although we saw no visible results in soul-saving we believe much good was done. We thank God for the rich blessings of the day.—Sec. Jarvis.

The Temple Band at Pictou.

Early on Wednesday morning strains of music fell upon the ears of the citizens of Pictou.

A glance out upon the bay showed the steamer "Jessie Bain" coming in, and upon her deck were to be seen the brilliant uniforms and shining instruments of our visitors.

Landing at the wharf they lined up and marched to the Opera House, amid the queries and comments of the spectators. "What!" said a business man, "can the Army do up a thing like that?" It was plainly apparent that they could, and doubts vanished from the minds of those who will not believe until they see.

Crowds listened to the open-air concert at night, and in the Opera House the people were held spellbound for two hours while a magnificent program was rendered.

"I could listen all night," said one. "It is simply wonderful!" remarked another. "I could not sleep," said a prominent citizen; "the words of the song, 'Where will you spend eternity,' kept me awake."

The visit of the band was indeed a great blessing. On their part, the bandmen were charmed with the beautiful town and appreciated the kindness shown them by the many friends with whom they were billeted.

Brigadier Turner accompanied the band; and in his pleasing style acted as chairman. God bless them; if ever they are privileged to return to Pictou a warm welcome awaits them.—G. V. A.

Found Peace in Jail.

A Prisoner's Letter to the Editor.

Writing from the jail at Prince Albert, Sask., I come to tell you of my conversion as follows:—The Spirit of God took hold of me, and I well remember how I trembled under the mighty influence. My desire now is to do the Master's will, and finally to receive my reward at the last day. Pray that I may grow strong in grace and wisdom. I receive much encouragement and help from the letters which my servants of the Lord send me. I was very near the act of committing self-murder when I heard the still small voice of the Lord speaking to me. I was in jail, and thought I was forsaken by all, but glory to God, I am now quite different and trust in His blessed word. When my time is out I mean to work to win souls.

For six months I have found Jesus to be a Friend who is able to keep me from falling, and I thank God He ever raised a sinner like me.—Gust. E. Olson.

Through the agency of our Rescue Homes \$3,238 women and girls were last year sent to situations or restored to their friends.



Sergt.-Major G. Smith, New Glasgow.

Self-Denial Enterprise at New Glasgow

We Glaswegians secured our target, which was \$310. Adj. Cooper intimated from the platform that this was the easiest S.-D. campaign he ever took part in; everything and everybody seemed to work in harmony, which resulted in an easy win. Our Sergeant-Major, after receiving his target, went to a few of the boys who work in his department, but was informed that another brother had been there before him, securing three amounts. On receiving this information the S.-M. decided to adopt a unique plan for reaching his target, so soliciting the help of a joiner, he explained what he wanted, and the S.-D. chair was constructed. The joiner kindly donated the work and material as the S.-D. contribution. (Thanks.) A letterer's services were then secured in the interests of S.-D. at salvation price. The first trip was to the steel works on pay-day, to gather in the fragments for Jesus.



At this point the S.-M. says the devil tempted him to return and give it up, but he was bent on bearing his cross and securing his target in a legitimate way, without transgressing on other people's territory. He was the subject of much comment; but, halloo! he smashed his target in three hours. The following Saturday he stood on the main street, and when results were counted only a small sum was lacking to double the original target. He felt God's smile was upon him.—G. S., W. C. Cor.

Western Breezes from the Wheat Fields.

Belgaird Burditt, the writer, started for a trip to the western corps. At Regina we just had time to run up to the quarters and see Capt. Pearce before the train left for Saskatoon.

Saskatoon is a fine, growing town of about four thousand people. New buildings are being put up everywhere. A good number of Americans appear to have a lively interest here. The officers met us, and in a short time we were in the open-air, surrounded by a good crowd of men. The writer sang his favorite solo, "I was a wild young fellow," and the Brigadier gave a most stirring address to at least 300 men. God seemed to rivet the truth home. The inside meeting was good; the crowd was good; the day was good. How the new convert did sing! The Brigadier dedicated the Color Sergeant's baby to God and the Army, and gave a Bible talk, subject: "Thou hast played the fool." Several desired our prayers. The officers, Ensign Howcroft and Lieut. Elliott, have done well. Ere this they will have said good-bye and gone to their new appointment.

Next day we took train for the Province of Alberta, of about 100 miles through a most beautiful country—wheat fields everywhere. We passed Duck Lake, the place where the first fight of the Northwest Rebellion took place. At Prince Albert we were met by Bro. Wilson, of Brandon fame, but who is now Secretary of the Prince Albert Board of Trade. The train was a little late, which made our first meeting rather short. Sunday morning we started for the prison, where we were to speak to the prisoners. The writer read of the lost sheep; Capt. Willey sang "There were ninety and nine"; the Holy Spirit from the beginning was present, and God blessed the words spoken to the poor fellows. The Brigadier drew in the net. One gave himself to God; three others desired to be prayed for. The officers of the prison here are extremely kind to our officers. A good number of prisoners have been converted within prison walls. The holiness meeting was well at-

tended. The P. O. spoke of Paul's devotion. The afternoon and night meetings were in the Hall. The Mayor and Aldermen were present, also the Bishop and his Curate, the Baptist and Presbyterian ministers. The Mayor, on behalf of the city, welcomed the Brigadier to Prince Albert, and laid some very kind words of the Army and its work, as did also the Bishop and ministers. The Brigadier spoke on the Social Work, showing the great developments the Army has made in the years past. The night meeting was the best of all. The City Hall was packed, and from the beginning the Lord blessed us. The Spirit was at work revealing sins of years. The Brigadier's subject was, "Thy rovers have brought thee unto great waters." The souls were forward and knelt at the penitent form. Thus we ended a glorious day for Him who died to save. Brother and Mrs. Wilson were very kind, looking after our temporal needs in their beautiful home on the hill above the town. We are to have a new building in Prince Albert. Ensign Lacey expects soon to begin operations. Capt. Willey is farewell, also Lieut. Leadman. Adj. Hattie Scott is taking charge, while the Captain goes to Saskatoon.

Monday morning, bright and early, we start back to Winnipeg. Our train being late, we had an opportunity of having a meeting at Regina. This corps is on the up-grade; twenty souls have been forward in the past four weeks. At the Brigadier's meeting two souls were converted and ten men held up their hands desiring prayer.—F. C. Alward, Adj., for Brigadier Burditt.

Kootenay Bioscope Tour.

Ensign Bloss and Capt. Quaife Meet with Great Success Although They are Opposed by Opera Troupes, Fire Brigades, and Big Rocks.

Having all in readiness, Ensign Bloss and your humble servant left Vancouver on Saturday, May 25th, and after traveling all day we arrived at Revelstoke at 11 p.m. We were met and escorted to the quarters by Capt. Moore and Lloyd, Lieut. Chatterton, and some of the coroners, who were all smiles and the essence of kindness during our visit. On Sunday we opened fire with seven o'clock kneedril, which was well attended, and had a day of much blessing, the attendance and finances being excellent. On Monday and Tuesday nights we gave a moving picture exhibition, which was a fair success, apparently enjoyed by all who attended.

Wednesday morning we boarded the train for Rossland, and after fourteen hours by land and water, over mountain and valley, we succeeded in reaching the Gold City of the West. Here we found Capt. and Mrs. Allen in good spirits, dwelling in an S. A. mansion four or five stories high. We gave an exhibition on Friday and Saturday nights and spent Sunday having a good time in general.

Monday morning finds us still well saved and on time to catch the 7:30 train for Nelson. Speeding on down the steep grade, on switch-back, around short curves, etc., we came to a sudden stop, and heard six sharp whistles. On looking out and making enquiry, we soon found out we had narrowly escaped a wreck, as the engine had run into a large rock that had rolled across the track. The engine was slightly dented, but not disabled, and soon the section men were on the scene, and got the stone moved and the track officially repaired for us to move on. Arriving at Nelson we found Capt. and Mrs. Baynton still in the good old fight, and able to sing that old chorus, "I ain't got weary yet." Monday and Tuesday nights we exhibited our pictures, and these caught the attention of the people. On Wednesday we took our boat for Cranbrook, for Wednesday night, Friday. Here we met with Capt. Travis, from Fernie. He is still always praising God and having glorious times. We also saw, as we came to our open-air, a fire brigade practising, and also a large opera troupe. However, God came to our assistance, and our exhibitions were much enjoyed on both nights.

Friday morning we caught the local train at five o'clock, and shivered with the cold for an hour or two, but finally landed in Fernie, where Capt. Bassingthwaite joined us, and after dinner we all started on a coal company's train for Coal Creek. Here we had a fine time and our exhibition was all O. K. We packed up and returned to Fernie where we spent Saturday and Sunday. These were blessed times. The comrades are all on fire, and are just setting the farewell of Capt. Travis, who has been in Fernie for two years, and by the blessing of God has done excellent work.

Monday morning we start to retrace our steps as far as Nelson, where a musical meeting and ice cream social was well attended and enjoyed immensely. Tuesday we had a concert and meeting, when several freshly consecrated themselves to God and His service.

Wednesday we press on to Greenwood, where we have an open-air as usual, and from there to the Opera House for a moving picture exhibition.

On to Grand Forks for Thursday night, where God again works in such a consecrated meeting.

Friday we again retrace our steps, arriving again in Revelstoke at 6:15 p.m., Saturday, where we expect to have glorious times Saturday night and all day Sunday. Praise God, our tour so far has been satisfactory in every way, and apparently the exhibition has given perfect satisfaction right through. Ensign Bloss is becoming an expert in the use of a blower and electrician.—Tours under the colors, C. H. Quaife, Captain.

War Cry Honor Roll.

THIS WEEK'S CHAMPIONS.

Lieut. Thistle	400
P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward	280
Sergt. Pynn	275

It be a rare blessin' to see how de fire am burnin',
an' de boomers a-boomin' 'spite o' de storms, an'
thunders, an' lightnin's vat keep splutter'in' 'way
round us. Seberal komrades is risin' to de top, an'
doin' fine.

It allus be a pleasure fer ter see dem Newfound-
landers are bubblin' over wid good wuks, an' sure
enuf Serst. Pynn hab got into de champion frame
dis week. Dere's others wat I hab took pertickeler
notice ob as well. Mrs. Adj. Knight, at de Am-
bitious City, hab displayed powerful ability to reach
200, an' den Winnipeg, wat is allus so busy—since
dey four out dey was "de hub"—hab foun' time
ter git in de lists, an' hed de N.-W. Province in de
person ob a Lieftenant wat hab solt 200.

De W. O. P. be putty eben week by week, an
rarely misses comin' in de lists, but dey can't cur
up to dem Easterners yit. As fer de E. O. P. maybe
deys all so takin' up wid meetin' de big shihs, an
immigrants, dat dey can't appear. Else maybe 'tis
accordin' to dis vatten—



Unavoidable Detained.

Eastern Province,
90 Boobys.

Lieut. Thistle, Sydney	409
Mrs. Capt. Hargrove, Halifax	210
Lieut. McKerrey, Moncton	180
Norman McVicar, Glace Bay	180
S.-M. Casbin, Halifax I.	180
Capt. Holden, Charlottetown	180
C.-C. Bolton, North Sydney	180
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion	148
Mrs. Storch, Montreal	148
Capt. Galway, St. Stephen	125
Sergt. Irons, Windsor	125
Capt. Dalzell, Truro	75*
T. Smith, St. George's	75*
Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth	100
Lieut. Turner, Glace Bay	100
Lieut. McLean, St. John II.	100
Mrs. C. A. Bellon	100
Lieut. Greenslade, Yarmouth	100
Mrs. Capt. Hargrove, Halifax II.	100
Ensign Miller, Woodstock	100
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow	100
C.-C. Murray, Westville	100
Capt. Emery, Springhill	100
Capt. Tatem, St. John I.	600
Ensign Newell, New Glasgow	80; Lieut. Taylor
Carleton, 45; Capt. Fulle, Fredericton, 85; Ensign	
Piercy, St. John I., 85; Capt. Brace, St. John II., 85;	
Capt. Glen, Newcastle, 85; Capt. Dakin, Clark's Har-	
bor, 85; Capt. Backus, Bridgewater, 75; Lieut. Gray,	
Canning, 60; Alice Watts, St. John I., 60; Ensign	
Greenland, Chatham, 60; Capt. Cavender, Sydney, 60;	
John Ham, Hamilton, 65; Gerlie Melkie, Lon-	
donderry, 60.	
50 Copies.—Capt. Richards, Stellarton; Capt. Joe	
Green, St. John V.; Lieut. Smith, Stellarton; Lieut.	
Chedore, Saskatchewan; Lieut. Wilkes, Lunenburg; Mrs.	
W. Wagoner, Liverpool; Lieut. Clark, Port Hood;	
Lieut. Stairs, Capt. White, Bridgetown; Capt. Willar,	
Londonderry; Sergt. Mackinnon, Sydney; Lieut.	
Hillier, 80; Sergt. Bond, Kentville.	
Aberdeen—Capt. Robinson, Sister Bead, Kentville;	

Capt. McInasters, Capt. McKie, Reserve; Capt. Hebb, Summerdale, Walter Lyons, Sister Donovan, Frederick, Bertha Large, Clara-tetown; Ensign Richards, Capt. Crowell, Inverness; Ensign Clark, Sister McKean, Halifax; Lt. Capt. Bigelow, Lieut. Winches-ton, Sussex; Capt. Tom Urquhart, Campbellton; Ensign Lorimer, Fredericton; Capt. Snow, Captain Miller, Woodstock; Fred White, Captain Walter Legge, New Brunswick; Lieut. Rutherford, St. John's, Virginia, Southampton; Capt. Woodhouse, Fredericton, Mary Fraser, Mrs. Cram, St. John's; Sergt. Smith, Halifax; Lt. Ellis Crossman, Moncton; Capt. Jaynes, Sackville; Ella Downey, Mayville; Gambie, St. John; Lt. Capt. Forsey, Sydney; Major Capt. Nowell, Parrsboro; Lieut. McEwen, New Brunswick; Sergt. Inverness, Capt. Allan, St. John's; Sergt. Conrad, Annapolis; Capt. Donovan, John Hill, Capt. Murphy, Southampton.

West Ontario Province,

45 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London	280
Sister Eva Fuller, Chatham	190
Adj't. Kendall, Brantford	186
Mrs. Adj't. Bloss, Stratford	115
Mrs. Adj't. Walker, St. Thomas	100
Serg't. Wimbie, Brantford	100
Leut. Wakefield, Dresden	100

Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 95; Capt. Patten-
den, Guelph, 95; Lieut. Simpson, Guelph, 95; Capt.
Horwood, Sarnia, 95; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 90;
Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 85; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq,
Petrolia, 85; Capt. Thompson, Galt, 80; Capt. Gil-
bank, Galt, 80; Lieut. Waldroff, Tilburg, 75; Lieut.
Catt, Tilburg, 75; Lieut. Hume, Woodstock, 75; Ensign
Catt, Woodstock, 75; Lieut. Hume, Woodstock, 75; Sister
Pender, Woodstock, 75; Lieut. Doherty, Paris, 70;
Ensign Hume, Simcoe, 70; Sergt. Adams, Simcoe,
65; Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Cunningham
Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Herinton, Seaford, 64; Mrs.
Capt. Rock, Wingham, 63; Capt. Carter, Palmerston,
60; Lieut. Harris, Norwich, 60; Lieut. Hume, Hesse-
peler, 59; Sister Pender, Woodstock, 58; Mr. Cap-
tain Pender, Woodstock, 55; Mrs. Pender, Woodstock, 55.

Training Home Province.

36 Boomers.

Mrs. Adj. Knight, Hamilton 1	200
Cadet Mannion, Temple	130
Lieut. Proudlove, Owen Sound	125
Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale	106
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Pimpie	100
Capt. Lamb, Downmanville, 90; Lieut. Brown, Hamilton, 73; Lieut. Thompsonville, 50; Lieut. Hamilton, 33; Capt. Layman, Niagara Falls, 75; Cadet Geddis, Esther St., 68; Cadet Thornton, Riverdale, 67; Cadet Sergt. Forbes, East Toronto, 65; Adj. Habkirch, Lippincott, 65; Cadet Sergt. Snelgrove, Parliament St., 64; Capt. Macgowan, Hamilton, 63; Lieut. Patterson, 62; Lieut. Patrick, 60; Capt. Stoddard, Hamilton, 60; Cadet Sanderson, Parliament St., 55; Capt. Stickels, Union St., 55; Cadet Richards, Temple, 53; Cadet Chivers, Yorkville, 51.	
50 Copies.—Capt. Meader, Parliament St.; Lieut. Scott, Niagara Falls; Mrs. Bowers, Adj. Knight, Hamilton 1; Sergt. Lizzie Bradley, Sergt. Maude Wain, Sergt. Geo. Barrett, Sergt. Geo. Burgess, Annie Pearce, F. S. C. R. C. T. Capt. Burgess, George W. R. C. T. Capt. Phillips, Toronto Junction; Capt. Varnell, Dundas.	

North-West Province.

34 Boemers

Leut. McLennan, Winnipeg 1.	260
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Brandon	160
Ensign Hall, Port Arthur	125
Leut. Mirey, Winnipeg 2.	125
Leut. Jones, Edmonton	125
Leut. Watson, Winnipeg, 1.	80; Agit. Byers, Calgary, 75; Leut. Harris, Wataskowin, 75; Ensign Crego, Edmonton, 75; Sister Barton, Winnipeg 1, 70; Leut. Yergenson, Portage la Prairie, 60; Leut. Norman, 60; Leut. Elliott, Saskatoon, 60; Sister McWilliams, Winnipeg 1, 60; Leut. Leadman, Port Arthur, 60; Capt. Watson, Fort William, 55; Leut. Albert, 60; Capt. Watson, Moose Jaw, 55; Ensign Culbert, 55.

er.—Uncle Dan, Neepaw

Lieut. Dillab
Capt. J.

Knapor: Lieut. Coleman, Capt. Allen, Reck-
ford. 275
Cadet: Lieut. G. W. Pratt, Prince Al-
bert.
Lieut. Ostrander, Carberry: Lieut. Griffith,
Selkirk; Lieut. Burkholder, Dauphin; Lieut. Dalton,
Calgary; Ensign Magee, Portage la Prairie; Sergt.
Hull, Sergt. Holmes, Winnipeg III.

Newfoundland Province.

10 Boomers.

Sergt. Prynn, St. John's; 276
Cadet Hussey, St. John's II, 75; Cadet Tucker, St.
John's I, 45; C.-C. Glover, St. John's II, 45; Slater
Stand, Musgrave town, 44; Cadet Matthews, St. John's
I, 50; Cadet Vincent, St. John's I, 3; Cadet Stick-
land, St. John's 3; Cadet, St. John's I, 1.
Mr. S. S. Harris, St. John's I, 21.

At a cost of 25 cts. Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely powdered charcoal composed of the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces, and its antiseptic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

For the Housewife

Tested Recipes

Tea Cake.—Beat two eggs in a tencup. Fill the cup with sweet milk, add one cup of sugar, two even teaspoonsful of melted butter, one and three-quarters cups of flour, two teaspoonsful baking powder. This is the most reliable and accommodating of cakes. Delicious baked in layers and spread with jelly, chocolate icing, or cream. May be baked in a loaf or small patty-pans.

Yorkshireman's Delight.—Try placing good, plump sausages in a large dripping-pan, pouring the batter over them, and baking in a hot oven for thirty minutes. The batter is made with two cups of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs well beaten, and two cups of milk.

Salmon Loaf.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add two eggs well beaten, two-thirds of a cup of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and all the fish from one can of salmon. Remove bones and skins from salmon and add the above mixture. Work until very fine; put in greased tin, and stew one hour. Remove while hot from the fire, and when cold slice.—Contributed by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor.

RELATIVE VALUE OF FRUITS FOR DIET

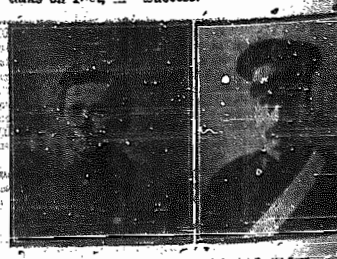
Fruits contain little protein, but they are rich in carbohydrates—again. The *pineapple*, which in this day is so abundant, comes, for the most part, from Cuba, where it is picked green. It has long been noted for a certain ferment, which digests the fruits. It also acts like rennet in coagulating milk. The juice of the fruit is collected and sold as a tonic for people with weak digestions and for children. It is the fibre which is indigestible, and which causes some people to think they cannot eat the fruit in any form. The ferment of the *pineapple*, which is called "bromelain" on account of its remarkable digestive powers, is sometimes used in the preparation of "predigested foods." The juice of the plant, too, is noted for its specific effect on the stomach.

The apple, which, for some reason, has recently become so expensive in the cities that it is now one of our food luxuries, often lies rotting on the country hillside in unconsidered quantities. Individuals vary greatly in their power to digest raw apples. I know some people who cannot eat them without the greatest discomfort. When eaten in this way, they are almost ripe and carefully selected. They are generally given to children, and the older people, if at all sensitive, and is advised in habitual constipation. The potassium and sodium, lime, and magnesium salts are all found in this fruit, as well as a trace of iron. A recent analysis gives the percentage of water as eighty-five and that of sugar as seven and a half. Other analysis make the percentage of sugar higher. When the apple is dried, its carbohydrates are concentrated, for it then contains about twenty per cent. The laxative effect is increased, and when they are eaten as an appetizer or stomachic, they are given in the form of the baked apple.

Pears are especially useful for stimulating the appetite. When eaten raw they are more digestible than when they are cooked. They also have a laxative effect.

Great care should be taken to avoid plums and cherries which are unripe. Plums in this state are very apt to be irritating to the digestive organs. Ripe cherries, when unripe, have in their seeds a small amount of the virulent poison, hydrocyanic acid. Cherries contain a large amount of sugar. Peaches, apricots, and nectarines are very refreshing, although they have a little nutrient value. It is said that they do not contain as much sugar as do apples and pears, and consequently, form a good article of diet for the stout and diabetic.

The common berries—the strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry, currant, huckleberry, mulberry, and cranberry—are especially valuable for the free acids and the sugar which they contain. The strawberry, one of the earliest of these, is rich in lime, soda, and potash, and contains iron as well. It has laxative, diuretic, and cooling qualities. It is the free acid, indeed, which makes these various kinds of berries so grateful.—Extract from Dr. Walker's *Golden Diet* to "Success."



Gasthof Radberg

Credit Report

An Old Battle-Ground.

Cadets' Musical Brigade Visits Bradford.

Bradford is a lively little town, situated about seven miles from Newmarket. Near by runs the Holland River, leading to the great lake.

The residents of this place helped very nobly with our S.-D. effort, and therefore Capt. Loder thought it was only right and proper to hold a meeting there, to show in some measure our appreciation of them. Some of the members of the Cadets' Musical Brigade were accordingly secured for a service, and, led by Adj. Smith, they gave a real good concert in the Methodist school-room. The place was packed, and the program was enjoyed by all.

Bradford is an old battleground, many salvation battles being fought there in times gone by, and who can estimate the good done by a meeting of such a character.—Pattenden.

Niagara Falls Visited by the Cadets' Musical Brigade.

The sail across the lake from Toronto in that palatial steamer, the Chippewa, was an ideal one, from every standpoint. We sought to make the most of our time by giving a short musical program, to the delight of the many passengers. From Lewiston, N.Y., where we landed, the lake runs along the "Great Gorge," there can be seen some of the finest scenery in the world, including the whirlpool rapids. This ride was all too short, and we soon arrived at our destination, where Capt. Layman and Lieut. Scott gave us a cordial welcome, as did also the kind friends who entertained us. Two gigantic open-air were held at Clifton on Saturday night, where great crowds thronged around us and a lasting impression was made.

The Sunday morning open-air was held in front of the Lafayette Hotel, overlooking the Falls. Many tourists, and also natives of the place stood and listened to the music and singing with evident enjoyment. At the Union Sunday School room a hellness meeting was held, the power of God being made manifest in the surrender of one soul. The afternoon open-air at Falls View attracted the Italians, Catholics, and others residing there, and we feel sure that good was done.

At the night meeting it was estimated that 150 were turned away unable to gain admission. The members of the brigade did their part faithfully. The quartet sang one of their favorites, the audience drinking it in to the full. The subject, "Home, sweet home," musically illustrated, had a telling effect. One backslider returned.

Monday morning was spent in selling tickets and otherwise making known the great musical blizzard to be held at the schoolhouse. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and thus closed one of the most successful week-ends of the Brigade.—Pattenden.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

IN MEMORY OF LYLA WILFRED, PALMERSTON.

Death has visited our circle and taken from our midst a young friend, who loved the Army very much, and who often took a part in our demonstrations. She was a bright, intelligent girl of fourteen, much loved by all who knew her, and with a brilliant future before her. She was a comfort to all in the home, always willing to help and to give a word of cheer to lonely hearts. She enjoyed our prayer meetings very much, hurrying home from school in order to be present at them, and taking a delight in telling the people how God had saved her and kept her day by day.

Very suddenly she was taken ill, blood poisoning being the cause, and although everything was done to save her, it was unavailing, and Lyla went to a better home. Throughout her sickness she did not complain, but asked the Lord to help her to bear it all. Often she would try and sing "Jesus knows all about our troubles," and we believe she was a help and blessing to those who visited her on her dying bed. She did not fear death, but seemed most anxious that her mother should pray for her brother, saying that may be ready when the summons comes to him. We believe that God will speak to many hearts through the death of this young girl. We all join in sympathy for the bereaved ones and pray for them. May we all be ready to meet her in that beautiful home.—Lieut. E. E. Turner.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 68 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 916 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 348 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 400 Seigneurs St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 694 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 48 Goring St.
St. John's, N.L., 25 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 466 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.P.
Vancouver, B.C., 1244 Pender St.
Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

ONLY ONE KIND—AND THAT IS "OUR OWN MAKE."

"Just One Girl" is the title of a song that was all the rage a few years ago. If this were paraphrased into "Just One Kind," and referring to musical instruments, we would have a chorus from our leading Bandmasters all over the world that

"Our Own Make" is THE Make for Them.

Any capable Bandmaster knows that it is impossible to get the best results in unison and harmony with various makes of instruments, and when it is demonstrated that nothing better can be obtained at anything like the price charged for "Our Own Make," there seems to be no good reason for getting any other goods than those made by our own concern. In fact, a silver-plated set of "Our Own Make" can be obtained at about the cost of other first-class makes in brass.

We supply these instruments at English list prices, reckoning \$5 to the £, which is only possible by the International Trade Department and ourselves being content with a very moderate margin. This consideration is recognized and appreciated by our Bandmasters, who regard it as ample compensation for the delays occasioned on account of the factory being deluged with orders from all parts of the world.

Several corps are making special efforts to secure a set of these, the latest and among the most notable being Brantford, who have just received three silver-plated instruments, and have placed an order to-day for thirteen more, at a cost of over

ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

Well done, Brantford. Among others are the following: London, seven instruments; St. Thomas, five; Peterboro, four; Calgary, Montreal, and the Temple, while several others are preparing orders—in one or two cases an entire outfit.

LIST OF PRICES.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET has been introduced with a view to supplying Bandmasters with a really superior instrument at a very special price. Extra attention is given to the design and construction of the instruments, which are most elegant in style and finish, and made in three models. They will be found excellent for presentation purposes on the lines approved by National Headquarters.

Mr. William Short, L.R.A.M. (Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music), and Principal Trumpet His Majesty the King's Band, Bandmaster and Conductor London County Council Band Contest Adjudicator, etc., says of our Cornets that they are equal to any Cornets he has ever blown, and that he could not wish for better.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET, in B flat, with light German silver valves, short action, split double water-key, full and clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces, tuning bit, cleaning needle and grease box; triple silver-plated, tastefully engraved, frosted or burnished finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, in velvet-lined leather case, white fittings and strap\$75 00

No. 1a—IMPROVED MODEL A CORNET, in B flat, with German silver valves, clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces; triple silver-plated, burnished or frosted finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, split double water-key, wood case 50 00
Ditto, in brass 40 00

CLASS A.	Brass.	Silver-Plate Extra.
Flugel Horns	\$37 00	\$12 50
Tenor Solo Model	50 00	17 50
Tenor Class A	40 00	17 50
Baritone	50 00	26 50
Euphonium, four valves	70 00	37 50
Euphonium, three valves	60 00	35 00

THE "BANDMASTER" EUPHONIUM "TRIUMPH,"

in B flat, with four German silver valves, large and clear bore, water-key, complete with lyre and silver-plated mouthpiece; silver-plated, frosted finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, neatly and tastefully engraved, in good, first-class leather case\$130 00
Same with three valves 120 00

	Brass.	Silver-Plate Extra.
Trombone, E flat	30 00	12 50
Trombone, B flat	37 50	12 50
Trombone, C	42 50	18 50
Bombardon, E flat	30 00	52 50
Medium Bass, B flat	100 00	65 00
Monster Double B	120 00	80 00
(Large bore \$5 extra.)		
Saxophones—Soprano, B flat	55 00	15 00
Alto, E flat	60 00	20 00
Tenor, B flat	65 00	25 00
Baritone, E flat	70 00	30 00
Bass, B flat	80 00	35 00

Military Drums, from \$25.00 up. Guards' Pattern Side Drums, \$35.00.

If cheaper lines are desired, we can supply them. Write for further particulars and Catalog.

We have a few Sets of PHONOGRAPH RECORDS of the NEW PRIZE MARCHES in Stock. \$3.00 for Set of 8, or 50c. each. Order right away. They are splendid quality, and reproduce the music of the renowned International Staff Band beautifully.

Trade Secretary, S. K. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.



SONGS OF THE WEEK.



HOLINESS.

Tunes.—N.B.B. 111 or 112.

What now is my object in life?
What is my hope and desire?
To follow the Heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire.

Chorus.

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

My hope is all centred in Thee;
I trust to recover Thy love,
On earth Thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died,
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush from Immanuel's side!

I gasp for the stream of Thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-quickened life,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

THE UTMOST.

Tune.—N.B.B. 30.

Come, with me visit Calvary,
Where our R-deemer died;
His blood now fills the fountain,
"Thy deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide."
He died from sin to sever
Our hearts from sin's complete;
He saves and keeps for ever
Those living at His feet.

God's great, free, full salvation
Is offered here and now;
Complete blood-bought redemption
Can be obtained by you;
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
The cleansing blood will flow;
Look up just now, believing,
His fulness you shall know.

I will surrender fully,
And do my Saviour's will;
He shall now make me holy,
And with Himself me fill.
He's saving, I'm believing,
This blessing I now claim;
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

NEARER MY HOME.

Tune.—N.B.B. 71.

One sweet solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm near—home to-day, to-day
Than ever I've been before.

Chorus.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where my mansions be;
Nearer the Great White Throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brick;
For I'm nearer home to-day,
Nearer now than I think.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—No. Never Alone.

I once was far from Jesus,
And trod the path of sin;
My heart was sad and weary,
No joy, no peace within.
I heard the Saviour calling,
When hope seemed almost gone;
He whispered, oh, so tender:
"I'll never leave thee alone."

No, never alone.

I claimed His precious promise,
The burden rolled away,
He brought me out of darkness
Into His glorious day.
And now I'm safely sheltered
Never again to roam;
I prove His grace sufficient—
I'm never, no, never alone.
Sometimes His love requires
For me the mountain steep,
But I trust in Him who called me,
I know He is mighty to keep.
His promises are precious,
I claim them as my own,
He said He never would leave me,
He never would leave me alone.
Capt. McKillo, Reserve, 22

BOUNDLESS SALVATION!

By The General.

Oh, boundless salvation! Deep ocean of love!
Oh, fullness of mercy! Christ brought from above,
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

Chorus.

The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing sea is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! I believe! (or)
I receive!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep,
But useless is weeping, Thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll over me!

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder—delivered I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me!

And now, hallelujah! the rest of my days
Shall gladly be spent in promoting His praise,
Who opened His bosom to pour out this sea
Of boundless salvation for you and for me!

ROCK OF AGES.

Tunes.—N.B.B. 29 or 31.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SWEET LIBERTY

Tune.—In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

You all have heard and read the wondrous story
Of Jesus, how He died upon the tree,
And that was not for any praise and glory,
But just to save and set poor sinners free.
And how that He has suffered death to free you,
And give you pardon, peace, and purity.
Oh, how we all would dearly love to see you
Step into this glorious liberty.

Chorus.

In the Saviour there's sweet liberty:
Only trust Him and you shall be free.
He bids you all come, and He offers a home
In the mansions of glory above.
Where our loved ones, now crossed o'er the sea,
Are waiting for you and for me.
And this is the truth, in old age and in youth,
With the Saviour there's sweet liberty.

How nice to know your sins on earth forgiven,
To feel and know that Christ is all-in-all,
To have that sure and blessed hope of heaven
Which He so freely gives to one and all.
Oh, do not longer slumber in the loving Saviour,
And live content in sin and misery.
But come and seek His loving smile and favor,
The smile that sets the captive prisoner free.

W. Morrow, Bandman,
Toronto Junction.

THE GREAT DEDICATION SERVICE

at which the Cadets, now in Training,
will be

COMMISSIONED FOR THE FIELD

will take place at the Temple

Monday, July 16th, at 3 p.m.,

conducted by

THE COMMISSIONER.

Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings

Program for Final Week-End.

Saturday, July 7.—3 p.m., Cadets' Foreign
Demonstration, led by Lieut.-Colonel
Pugmire.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.,
THE COMMISSIONER in com-
mand, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

Monday, July 9.—3 p.m., led by Colonel Kyle,
8 p.m., Great Wind-Up under the
presidency of

THE COMMISSIONER

United Corps and Bands, and T.H.Q.
Staff.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before and after the war, and will send them home, and if possible, send them to the place of their birth. We will also send them to the place of their birth, and if possible, send them to the place of their birth. We will also send them to the place of their birth, and if possible, send them to the place of their birth.

First Insertion.

5403. BAINES, MRS. JANE. Came to this country two years ago. Believed to be living in Toronto. News wanted by brother-in-law.

5466. MAYERS, WILLIAM. Age 38, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair and complexion, hazel eyes, furrier by trade. Supposed to be in Toronto. News wanted.

5327. BRADLEY, JAMES. Shoemaker. Left Bothwell twenty years ago. May have gone to Michigan. Supposed to be married. Height 5 ft. 7 in., sandy complexion, age 53 to 63. Friends very anxious.

5267. KLAASSEN, BERNHARD GERARD. Left Holland for Canada in May, 1904. Age 38. Last known address, Regina, P. O. Friends very anxious.

Second Insertion.

5451. McKIM, WILLIAM. Age 26, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, blue eyes, missing about twelve months. Last known address, Montreal. Sister inquires.

5454. O'CONNOR, JAMES HENRY. Able seaman, age 23, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Has not been heard of since 1892. Was then in St. John (N.B.) hospital. News wanted.

5455. BURGESS, JOHN. Age 20, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair and eyes, ruddy complexion. Has not been heard of since June, 1905. Grandmother anxious. Last known address, Prince Albert, Sask.

5456. HUTCHESON, WILLIAM HALAN. The last left Gananoque Junction on the 2 a.m. east-bound train on June 1st. Was a telegraph operator. May have gone to the States. Another very anxious. Height 5 ft. 7 in., dark complexion, black hair and eyes, stout build; hands not used to hard labor. May possibly be in Toronto.

5458. MOSES, HARRY. Age 20. Came out from the Old Land in May. Supposed to have gone to Winnipeg. Friends anxious.

5459. SAVAGE, HENRY. Age 34, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown curly hair, blue eyes. Last heard of in Winnipeg, about four years ago. Brother anxious.

5460. POULSEN, S. C. Baker. Left Denmark in the winter of 1892-93. Last known address, in 1910, Wellington, New Zealand. Father is dead, please answer this ad. and you will hear something to your advantage.

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young people who are qualified Shorthanders and Typists; also for improvers who have not yet become thoroughly competent. Young people of this sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at liberty to apply. Write to
The Chief Secretary,
20 Albert St., Toronto.